JULY 26, 1974/60 CENTS

THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

NEW TIMES

Prescription Payola:

Your doctor may be risking your life for a color television set

What if George McGovern had been elected President?

Discrimination at the Supreme Court

The Boy Scouts: an end to honor

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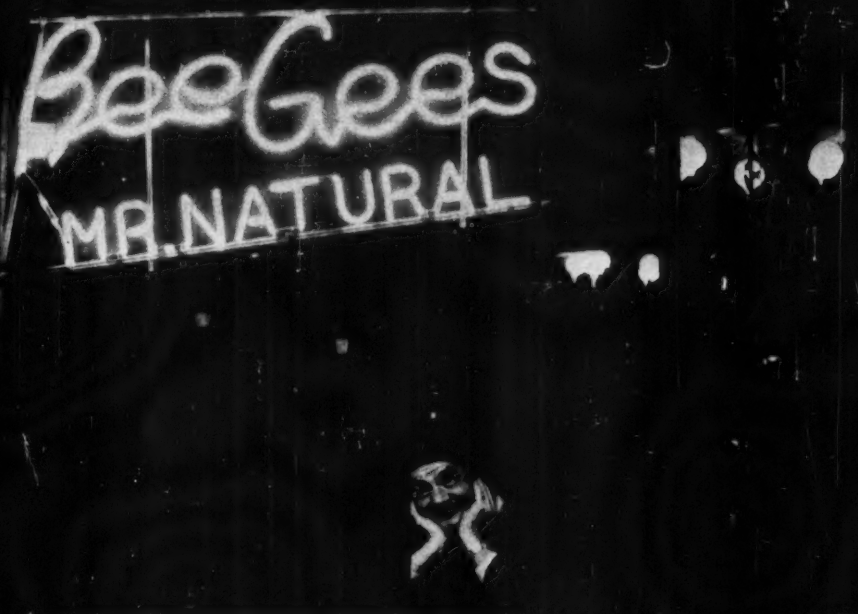
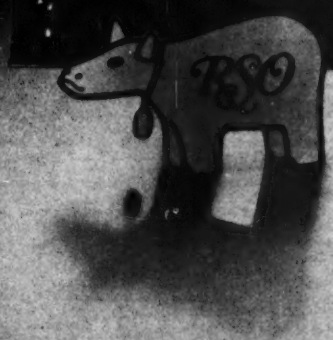
The Bee Gees' "Mr. Natural" provides a special glow.





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The Bee Gees have always made very special recordings. Their hits including "I've Got To Get a Message to You," "To Love Somebody," "Holidays," "Words," "Massachusetts" and many others, are sure to be remembered as all time classic rock songs.

Their new album, "Mr. Natural," follows in that Bee Gees' tradition of good music, good songs and good singing. It is a very special [illegible]

"Mr. Natural" by The Bee Gees.
On RSO Records and Tapes.
Distributed by Atlantic Records.

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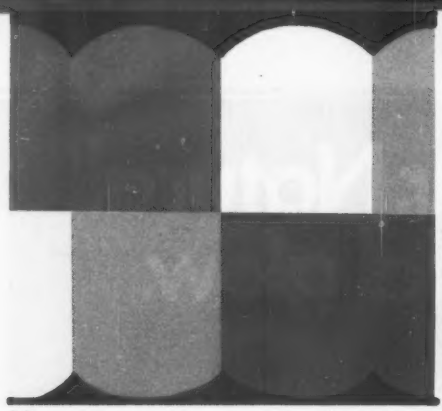

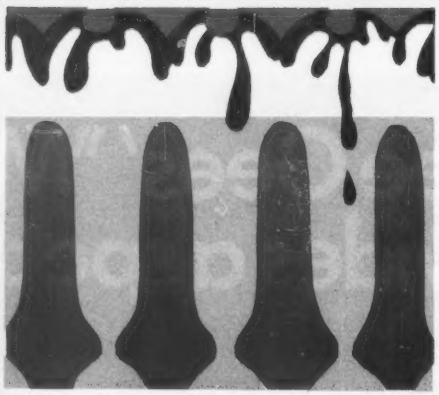

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BEHIND THE SCENES

For Amanda Spake, the author of this issue's story on payola in the drug industry, journalism is very much a means to an end. "I definitely think there needs to be a dramatic change in this country," she says, "and the best way to bring that about—if it can be brought about at all—is to have people understand the institutions that affect their lives."

Ironically, Amanda attributes her progressivism to the fact that she grew up in one of the most conservative areas of the country—California's Orange County. "A place like that," she says, "forces people to make choices very early on. And once I did, believe me, I had to be sure I knew damn well what I was talking about. I became a compulsive fact-hunter."

That compulsion led her quite naturally to journalism. At college, the University of California at Irvine, she started a paper, and after graduation she moved on to the Washington-based College Press Service, a kind of A.P. for college publications. She stayed with C.P.S. for only one year. "Working for a daily press service is extremely frustrating," she notes. "Almost by definition, you have to cover things very superficially."

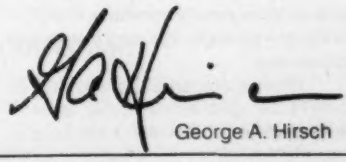
And that is not Amanda's notion of the way serious journalists should work. For a time she worked as a secretary, but finally latched onto a research project that made full use of her investigative zeal. "We looked into the energy shortage and the dangers of nuclear energy—before looking into those things came into vogue. After we'd finished, we sent out information to people who had power plants going up near them. I think we fueled a lot of healthy discontent."

From there it was a short step into investigative journalism, and her career has been flourishing since. Amanda's technique is not flashy, but it is very effective. Like I.F. Stone, the old-line investigative journalist she most admires, she researches her stories not only by talking to people, but by spending long hours poring over transcripts of legislative hearings. "Daily reporters," she says, "even those who cover legislative sessions, miss so very much. Those records are a gold mine."

And, in the last year, Amanda has come up with some real nuggets. She did a piece from the Southwest for the Washington *Post* documenting the extraordinarily high cancer rate among Navaho uranium miners in Arizona and New Mexico, and the fact that the government has assumed no responsibility for them. The article was picked up by a score of publications nationwide and, largely as a result of Amanda's work, New Mexico's Senator Montoya will shortly introduce legislation to guarantee uranium miners the same protection afforded coal miners.

For the moment, however, as her story in this issue makes clear, Amanda is preoccupied with the drug industry. She has another piece on pharmaceutical companies—and how their promotional hype is geared to women—in the works for *Viva*, and she expects to do a book on the drug industry soon. "As long as the people selling drugs are businessmen, out primarily for profit," she says, "we'd better watch very closely what they're doing. So far, the government agencies have largely abdicated that responsibility.

"Just today, I had a doctor try to prescribe for me a drug which, I found out yesterday, should never have been on the market because it causes cancer. Doctors feel that if a drug is on the market, it's okay. Believe me, that isn't true."



George A. Hirsch

What isn't to be done—a call to inaction

SLOW DOWN

By James S. Kunen

Captain Charles Cunningham Boycott, an English land agent in Ireland, was one memorable son of a bitch. He got so bad that, in 1880, everybody decided not to deal with him at all. The tactic of concerted economic ostracism had been employed before Boycott and ofttimes since, but it seems especially well-suited to our day.

Most of us are not engaged in producing anything; we cannot gain much influence by striking. *Consuming* is our essential social role. And since the boycott rests ultimately on not doing something, it is tailor-made for all the idealists who are busy working from within.

True, an effective boycott takes a lot of organizing work, but no amount of toil by leaders can come to anything without legions of political inactivists ready to sit on their hands.

There's a great deal not to be done. You should be able to find in the following compilation something you are willing to scrupulously avoid doing. DON'T DO IT!

For instance, continue not to eat table grapes. Cesar Chavez needs all the help he can get in his fight against the agri-business corporations and their sweetheart Teamsters. Also to be avoided, according to Chavez's union, the United Farm Workers, are lettuce heads that do not bear the UFW eagle and all Gallo wine products, including Boone's Farm.

Coors Beer is the object of a boycott, but the union in this case is the Teamsters, which is the adversary of the Farm Workers.

If you oppose Portugal's colonial rule in Africa, and you find yourself driving near a Gulf station, let your foot rest on the accelerator. The Gulf Boycott Coalition, active in 50 U.S. cities and four foreign countries, says Gulf is the largest American investor in Angola and paid $90 million in taxes and royalties to Portugal in 1973. In some localities there are boycotts of all Portuguese products, including Mateus and Lancers wine.

Enemies of apartheid should pass up South African sardines and apples, leave hanging women's coats of a certain lamb's wool called Swakara and forgo South African lobster tails, the American Committee on Africa says. (Rhodesia's principal export to America is ore, and East Coast longshoremen have on occasion declined to unload it.)

If you're an anti-fascist tourist, you won't want to make the long, hard trip to Spain or to Greece, where there is a renewed campaign to exterminate political opposition,

and you are asked by the Greek anti-dictatorial organization Demokratia to let Olympic Airways flights depart without you.

The Chile Solidarity Committee suggests you not buy Chilean table grapes. There's been some talk of giving up Hostess Twinkies and Wonder Bread, because they belong to ITT, but Women Strike for Peace says that boycott hasn't gotten off the ground.

Women Strike for Peace has organized a boycott of Quaker cereals, because Quaker owns Louis Marx & Company, which sells a large arsenal of war toys.

The Irish Republican Clubs request you not fly British Airways. The Jewish Defense League proposes that you leave your money in your pocket when it comes to buying Moroccan leather wallets. And they'd just as soon you didn't fly Aeroflot, the Soviet airline.

A coalition of conservationist organizations also urge you to avoid Aeroflot and Japan Air Lines, and in fact all goods made in Japan, until such time as Japan and Russia agree to abide by the quotas of the International Whaling Commission and stop slaughtering the world's whales to extinction.

Friends of Animals, Project Jonah and other groups recommend you do your mercury-sated self a favor and stop buying tuna. (They say there *are* other things to eat.) The tuna industry is responsible for the needless drowning of 200,000 porpoises every year, which could be averted by an alteration of nets.

Ducks Unlimited confirms the literal truth of what many thought merely a metaphor for our age: an undetermined number of waterfowl become entangled in discarded plastic loops which once held six-packs together, and die. You should slit open the loops before disposal, but better yet, refrain from buying cans in the first place. Bottles are ecologically preferable. Consumer Action Now describes aluminum cans as "permanent garbage."

Ecology organizations advise that, when in a supermarket, you keep your hands at your sides and stroll right by: overpackaged goods—the packaging costs at least $1.50 of each $20 you spend on groceries; aluminum foil; paper towels and plates; colored toilet tissue (the dye pollutes the water) and, for your own health, No-Pest Strips.

You can't reasonably be expected to boycott all of these things at once—you don't want to try to do *too* little at a time. But through selective ethical inaction, you may save enough energy, and gain enough self-respect and sense of purpose, so that one day you may even feel ready to undertake a little political *action* again. ●

ILLUSTRATION BY JOS. A. SMITH

LETTERS

No news is bad news

Your article "Kissing the kids off to camp rip off" by Rollie Hochstein in the issue of July 12, 1974, was excellent and said a lot of things that needed to be said.

I was especially interested in the box entitled "You'd think a camp safety law would be easy to pass, right? Wrong." I have been working for camp safety legislation on both state and federal levels ever since my son was killed at camp in 1965. I have collected hundreds of cases of death and injuries at children's camps due to negligence in the ensuing years. Unfortunately, the list continues to grow as each year goes by that Congress fails to act.

I think you and your readers would be interested in being brought up to date on the latest developments in federal legislation. Senators Walter Mondale (D-Minn.) and Abraham Ribicoff (D-Conn.) have just introduced the Youth Camp Safety Act (S.3639) in the Senate. It is identical to the bill in the House (H.R. 1486) co-sponsored by Representatives Dominick Daniels (D-N.J.) and Peter Peyser (R-N.Y.). Senator Mondale will hold hearings on the bill on July 15, 1974, before the Subcommittee on Youth and Children. Anyone with pertinent information relating to safety (or lack of it) at children's camps who wishes to testify should contact Senator Mondale.

As your article pointed out, only an aroused public demanding legislation to protect our children will force Congress to act. I hope your article will inspire your readers to write their congressmen and their two senators to support these bills. Thank you very much.

P.S. I am most interested in the response you get to this article, whether pro or con. Would you be kind enough to forward copies of letters you receive or at least send me the names and addresses. I would like to follow up on each one. Thank you.

Mitch Kurman
Westport, Conn.

Thanks a pile

Just finished your June 14 edition from cover to cover. "Babies for sale," I'm afraid, is just another frustrating account of how our tax dollars are being put to "good use." Thanks for sharing with your readers some of the great happenings in our government.

Also, thanks for publishing a magazine fit for a meaningful Father's Day gift.

James E. DeVore
St. Louis, Mo.

Unfit

Tony Schwartz's article ("Final Tribute," June 28, 1974) accurately reflects our feelings upon graduating from the University of Michigan. Unlike Mr. Schwartz, however, we find that BAs from the School of Literature, Science and the Arts guarantee us, at most, the position of head cook and bottle washer at the local deli. With courses such as The History of Chess, Drugs and Behavior and Introductory Astrology under our belts, and after considering our possible marketability, our worth to society, we have decided to go to Europe for an extended period of reflection in the fervent hope that someone, somewhere, will miss us.

P.S. If you would like a copy of our resumes . . . you're crazy.

Steven and Elizabeth Welch
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Stunned

In your issue of June 28, 1974, Tony Schwartz says in "Final Tribute" that he was "stunned" when a friend received a first assignment to mount a publicity campaign in this country for the South African government, and indicated the friend only took the job because she was desperate for work.

His statement may not actually show stupidity, but it does indicate what a biased education is being dished out to gullible youngsters in some of our institutions of higher learning. And this is more unfortunate because this particular Schwartz recipient shows much promise as a writer. It is to be hoped he learns the basic tenets of journalism before entering it as a post-college career after leaving the University of Michigan.

One of those tenets is to present facts rather than feelings to readers. If Mr. Schwartz had read the *South African Digest* for several months, as I have, he would have been "stunned" alright, to the extent that his friend has the opportunity of a lifetime to present facts concerning a growing, progressive country, whose citizens live as they choose and do not kowtow to the whims and fancies of people like those bureaucrats who have taken over the government of the United States.

Henry C. MacArthur
Sacramento, Calif.

Editor's Note: What!?

Introspection

Regarding your Richard Poirier article on Nixon, I am reminded of Gloria Steinem's remark, when she was still writing about politics, "When Richard Nixon is alone in a room, is anyone really there?"

Conchita Ryan Collins
South Orange, N.J.

Ode to the turtle

Well, do turtles bang?

Sarah Nance
Chicago, Ill.

Yes, Jim Kunen (June 28) tortoises *do* bang: D.H. Lawrence told me so, and Ogden Nash did nothing to dispel my belief.

Further, tortoises seem not to suffer from the tortured cerebral carapace which afflicts Martin Duberman. Despite his respect for Lawrence, Duberman seems sadly oblivious to the fact that when he wrote "Sex . . . breaks us into voice, sets us calling across the deeps, calling, calling for the complement," Lawrence wasn't delineating complements by gender.

I find it both ironic and depressing that someone as articulate as Duberman could be so hung-up—pun not intended—about the varying convolutions of persons' crotches.

Sam North
Tuscaloosa, Alabama

Correction

The cover photograph on our April 19th issue was captioned Max's Kansas City in New York. Actually the picture was taken at the Mercer Art Center. We regret the error.

The British ambassadorship: a case of blackmail?
Martha peddles John's notes;
Hubert throws a tantrum

THE INSIDER

POWER POLITICS

Oh, to be in England

Secretary of State Henry Kissinger is quietly boosting Arkansas Senator J. William Fulbright as his choice for the ambassadorship to Great Britain. The current envoy, millionaire publisher Walter Annenberg, wants to retire as soon as possible, and Kissinger would like to replace him with a major figure who could ease European concerns about Euro-American relations. The outgoing chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Fulbright would fit the bill nicely. Kissinger is also said to believe that the Nixon administration owes Fulbright for his recent stands in support of the Administration's policies in the Mideast and the Soviet Union. The secretary of state may have to buck impeachment politics to get his choice, however. Several White House political aides want to hold up any Fulbright nomination so that the appointment can be used as a club for a favorable vote on impeachment. Kissinger is said to be outraged by this type of pressure, and one longtime Fulbright associate,

WIDE WORLD

Kissinger and Fulbright: the price isn't right

WIDE WORLD

Stennis and Nixon: a parting of the ways?

informed of the backstage maneuvering, said that "Bill wants the post very badly but he won't be blackmailed like that. That's the worst way in the world to get his vote."

Breaking the camel's back

At least six conservative senators have told the White House that if President Nixon defies a Supreme Court order to turn over the tapes, they will be forced to vote for conviction on impeachment. A number of House members now considered solid pro-Nixon votes have expressed similar sentiments to the President, according to well-placed sources within the Republican Congressional leadership. Said to be among those who have warned the White House that defiance is unacceptable is Mississippi Democrat John Stennis. A Stennis switch to an anti-Nixon position would all but assure the President's removal from office. "So far," according to one source, "neither the President nor his people will say whether he will turn over the tapes if the court rules against him. They are playing semantics and no one knows what Nixon will do."

Smiling through the apocalypse

In the days before the recent Democratic telethon, a number of party leaders, including Chairman Robert Strauss, reportedly attempted to talk Senator Hubert Humphrey out of serving as master of ceremonies for the 21-hour affair. The reason? The theme of the telethon was "clean politics" and Humphrey had just been fingered by the staff of the Senate Watergate Committee for having taken some less than pure money during his 1972 campaign, notably a healthy donation from the milk producers. To make matters worse, Humphrey aides had taken the Fifth when interviewed by committee staffers and the senator himself declined to talk with the committee. "Most of the pressure was very light: 'Hubert, you think you ought to be doing the show?' and that sort of stuff. No one was about to order him to not appear," said one party source.

Hubert did not, of course, take the hint and proved throughout the telethon that he is indeed the most gregarious man in politics. The day before the TV extravaganza, however,

Humphrey made quite a scene. He demanded a meeting with Watergate Committee counsels Sam Dash and Fred Thompson. Dash and Thompson thought he was going to testify on his finances. Instead, says a committee source, "he went into a tantrum and demanded to know why the hell the report on his finances had been leaked to the press."

Psst. . . interested in some dirty notes?

Martha Mitchell has been calling the special prosecutor's office for months trying to give the Watergate investigators the notes her husband, John, the former attorney general, left behind in their New York apartment when the two split. Martha apparently calls about every two weeks, and each

Martha with W&B: folks who'll listen

time a different young attorney is assigned the chore of talking to her. The prosecutors, who pride themselves on their prudence, don't want any part of Martha's prattlings or her papers. Recently she got so exasperated that she tried a different route. She called the Washington *Post* duo of Woodward and Bernstein and soon was handing over a sheaf of her estranged husband's personal notes—notes he made in preparation for his testimony before the Senate Watergate Committee. Portions of the notes soon appeared on the front page of the Washington *Post*.

Anti-abortion measure aborted

The strong anti-abortion lobby got caught napping recently on a key vote and lost their first battle to reverse the 1971 Supreme Court decision on a woman's right to an abortion. Until their June 27 setback, the Right-to-Lifers, as they prefer to be called, had won every Congressional fight over abortion. The defeat came on an amendment to the HEW appropriation for next year which would have banned all research on abortion and birth control and prohibited HEW from paying out any money for abortions. The amendment's sponsor, New York Republican Angelo Roncallo, was so certain of success that he did not deliver a prepared speech and merely sat back to await a favorable vote. Instead, the House launched into a lively debate that started at 10 p.m. and lasted until midnight. And, to the surprise of anti-abortion lobbyists and even some pro-abortionists, a group of liberals led by Bella Abzug of New York and Robert Giaimo of Connecticut were able to beat back the amendment by a healthy 124-vote margin. Abzug later declared that the vote was "a major victory" and a "turning point." A spokesman for the Right-to-Life Committee said that the defeat did not represent a shift in Congressional sentiment but admitted the vote had taken his group by surprise.

Taking on the breeder

A fight bigger than the one waged by environmentalists against the Supersonic Transport (SST) is shaping up over the Liquid Metal Fast Breeder Reactor. The fast breeder, an Atomic Energy Commission pet project, is a nuclear reactor that the commission hopes will create more nuclear fuel than it burns. At the moment it is receiving about 70 percent of all U.S. energy research funds, and the AEC plans to spend a total of $7 billion on all phases of the project.

Last summer, Scientists Institute for Public Information, led by Margaret Mead and Barry Commoner, won a court suit, forcing the AEC to prepare a study of the environmental impact of the project. The suit opened the door to public review, and since then, the environmental armies have been gathering their weaponry.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BLACK STAR/BRACK

Mead: on the warpath

The National Resources Defense Council is importing big-name, scientific talent as part of its battle strategy. NRDC employed Johns Hopkins nuclear engineer and cost-benefit analyst Thomas Cochran to comb the economic sections of the first draft of the AEC's court-ordered statement. Cochran discovered the agency had used some tricky financial maneuvering to make the fast breeder look inexpensive. When he applied standard accounting techniques, Cochran found the power plant would be a big loser—its energy-generation benefits don't outweigh its mammoth costs.

Arthur Tamplin, the California biophysicist who discovered that the AEC's radiation standards could mean 32,000 extra cancer deaths a year, recently arrived for a year in Washington.

Friends of the Earth, the Task Force Against Nuclear Pollution, Environmental Action and the National Intervenors have stepped up their attacks as well, citing evidence showing the power plant could explode under certain conditions.

Construction on the AEC's first breeder in Tennessee has been stalled while the commission struggles with its final environmental review. The next phase of the breeder battle will come in late August or September when the AEC statement is turned over to the court. If it's as open to scientifically-based criticism as the first one, the court may not accept it.

A mensch for all seasons

A leading Democratic senator, a Catholic, recently displayed a fine appreciation of Yiddish. The senator, who prefers to remain anonymous, got a telegram from a constituent. It read: "Nixon is gonef" (the Yiddish word for thief). The senator responded with his usual form letter saying that he couldn't comment on Nixon's behavior because he might be one of 100 judges in an impeachment proceeding. Then the senator added: "However, while I do not feel it is appropriate that I comment on whether Mr. Nixon is a gonef, I would certainly agree with you that he is no mensch" (real, solid person).

Expo 74, an eco-phony

Expo 74 has now been on for over a month. For those who haven't heard, the theme of this world's fair is "Tomorrow's Fresh New Environment." Sounded good to our Seattle correspondent, Bruce Johansen, until he took a look around. The president of the Ford Motor Company gave the keynote address on the eve of the fair's opening, launching a subtle attack on the entire environmental movement. Johansen winced. Then he noticed that all the auto companies had exhibits at the fair while not one environmental organization took part. Apparently they couldn't afford the ante for an exhibit. And besides, they see the fair as an "eco-phony."

"Our environmental celebration," Johansen writes us, "has been couched in the familiar development rush of concrete and asphalt that latter-day businessmen lured by money jingling in tourists' pockets bring. The 'fresh new environment' of Expo includes a bevy of new parking lots, a new hotel and other such manifestations of nature.

"On the fairgrounds itself, the developers have missed no opportunity to fleece the rubes. There are no water fountains—they'd cut down the consumption of soda pop during the hot, dry summer months. And, of course, you can't take a pee for free, even while you are inside the multi-million-dollar U.S. exhibit, paid out of our taxes."

UPI

Seattle's Expo: this is ecology?

MEDIA

By John Leo

Mobil develops energy sources

Remember all those Mobil ads telling us the big increases in oil profits are necessary to develop new energy sources? Well, Mobil is using some of those profits in an effort to acquire Marcor, the conglomerate that includes Montgomery Ward and the American Can Company.

This has been too much even for some segments of the business press. *Business Week* and *Advertising Age* have jumped on Mobil for the move, pointing out that the public may actually feel hoodwinked by the pious cover for profiteering. *Ad Age* says, "Mobil's diversion of surplus profit provides ammunition to those who insist that business uses public issue advertising to misstate real needs and intentions."

Mobil is the leading propagandist among the major oil companies. It has an annual public affairs (propaganda) budget in excess of $10 million a year, and is constantly expanding its efforts. Its quarter-page Op Ed ads, originally designed for the New York *Times*, now reach 100 American papers regularly. The company even takes care of its liberal press critics—a full-page Mobil ad appeared recently in *(MORE)*, the journalism review, and Mobil has offered to underwrite "Behind the Lines," the public-service TV press-review program.

Kicking off

Publishers keep devising or re-inventing ways to avoid mailing costs and distribution headaches. The current example is *Kickoff;* a new and glossy football magazine which will appear as a weekly insert this fall in 11 newspapers with a combined circulation of more than 5 million. The publisher is Roy Lord (who recently failed with *Home Life*), the editorial director is Bert Randolph Sugar (editor of *Argosy*) and the editor is Bob Rubin (formerly of *Sport* and *Gridiron* magazines).

Sports note: CBS, last in sports among the networks, is looking for a sports director to replace the departed Bill McPhail, of the McPhail baseball family.

HEALTH

When you drink, don't dive

Such is the advice of Dr. Park E. Dietz and Susan P. Baker of Johns Hopkins University. "Drinking like a fish doesn't make you one." In a survey of drowning accidents in Maryland in recent years, Dietz and Baker discovered that an astonishing 47 percent of the people over 15 who drowned—and whose blood could be tested—had been under the influence of alcohol.

The hopelessness of a long-distance jogger

For jogging enthusiasts, doctors at the USAF Academy in Colorado have taken the trouble to have their computer calculate the number of calories that men of various weights burn up as they run at various speeds. It turns out that the calorie expenditure is about the same whatever the running speed, but it varies enormously with the jogger's weight. A 119-pound man uses up only 121 calories running a mile and a half in ten minutes, while a 220-pounder burns 219 calories. Although this seems small against the fact that you have to burn 3,500 calories to lose a pound of fat, the doctors do have an encouraging word: a calorie deficit of only 100 calories a day mounts up to a ten-pound loss over a year's time.

Smoking and pregnancy

Whether or not a new mother smokes affects the health of her baby, according to new research from Hebrew University-Hadassah Medical School in Jerusalem. Tabulating hospital admissions of 10,672 Jerusalem infants during the first year of their lives, the investigators discovered that the babies whose mothers smoked were far more likely to be admitted to the hospital with bronchitis or pneumonia than those whose mothers did not smoke. Furthermore, infants with mothers who smoked more than a pack a day were admitted more than twice as often as those with mothers smoking a half pack or less.

"This study provides convincing evidence that passive smoking increases lower-respiratory-tract disease, at least in infants," warn the researchers. "It would seem wise to discourage parents from smoking, if only for the sake of the health of their children."

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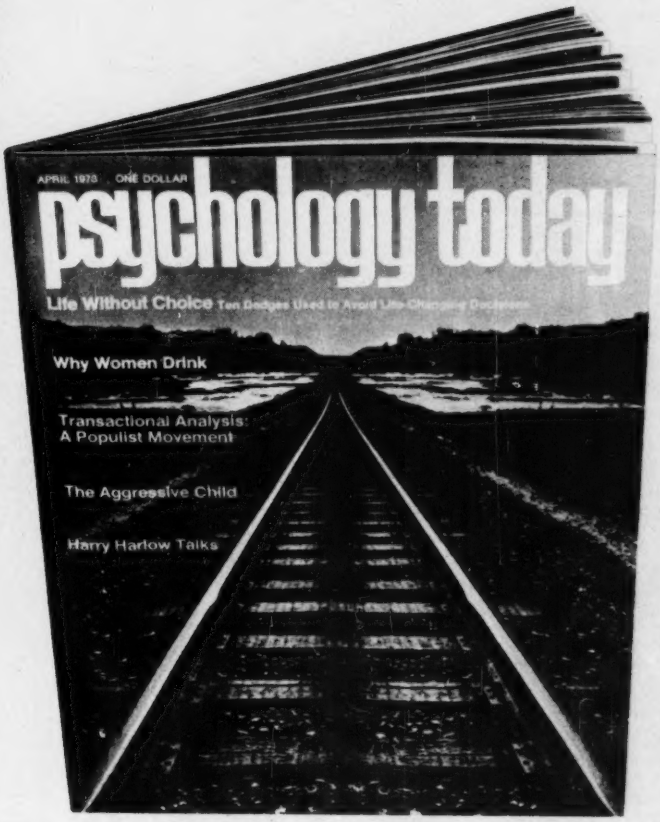

The case for bottling up rage. Many therapists trace man's violence to bottled-up anger. But now a psychologist has marshalled evidence to show that venting violent emotions merely strengthens the tendency to behave in violent ways.

Mixed marriages. An in-depth study of 20 black-white marriages explores daily life in mixed marriage, reveals problems with family, friends, and community, and undercuts misconceptions.

Emotional effects of jogging. When middle-aged men embark upon a regular exercise program, it has been found, their personalities change. They become more self-sufficient, resolute, stable, and imaginative. But they also have increased feelings of guilt and become accident-prone.

Backstage behaviorism. A psychologist who studied acting and directing describes Lee Strasberg's school of Method Acting and explains the scientific control of behavior that is as important to the Stanislavski method as it is to key-pecking pigeons.

The many masks we wear. If you seem like different people at different times, does that mean you're a phony or wishy-washy? A noted psychologist argues that on the contrary having multiple identities is healthy and should be encouraged.

Men drive women crazy. Women, brainwashed by society, are more likely to require psychotherapy than men are. A New York psychologist says that psychotherapists—both male and female—hold up as desirable for women those characteristics that they would never associate with healthy adults.

Brainwashing works. In just 40 minutes, using no coercion, a psychologist can alter your basic values and change your behavior. Students at one university showed changed behavior as long as 17 months after the experiment, says a social psychologist as he ponders the ethical implications of his work.

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ART BY VICTOR VALLA

The magic Christian: laughing all the way to the jail

By Terence Sheridan

On June 12 Pat Owens, legal secretary in Chuck Colson's law firm for 10 years, wrote a letter to Ed Soden, a federal probation officer who has for 30 years talked to—and written pre-sentence probation reports on—pimps, drug pushers, defective bank robbers and con men. She wrote: "I simply cannot see how Chuck Colson could conceivably be guilty of any felony, even though he may have pleaded guilty, and even though that was the Washington *Post* headline the next day."

Others wrote, too—lawyers, professors, deans, businessmen and bureaucrats. Colson's first wife, Nancy, the mother of their three children, wrote a lengthy letter to Soden.

The letters speak of "unbending loyalty," "love and respect for God and Country" and that it is a "gross national tragedy that people like Colson have been ensnared in the mesh of governmental circumstances which have brought havoc to so many lives."

"Chuck Colson," says one letter, "has always seemed people-oriented."

A black lawyer from Colson's old law firm, now a justice of the Superior Court of Massachusetts, said Colson was a "sensitive and kind human being." "As one who has bathed in the beauty of the goodness of Charles Colson, I would like it so recorded," the judge wrote.

"Chuck is really loved," says Ms. Owens, working on her ninth Scotch and soda. "Not like Nixon, that bastard. The son of a bitch even put his secretary, Rose Mary Woods, in it."

"Listen," she says, lowering her voice, "you believe in the Jesus thing?"

Loyalty is obviously the code of honor among Colson and his friends. Loyalty to the Lord, however, who has not exactly been known for getting a friend a job or killing an embarrassing story or any of the other quid pro quos that make Washington work—that kind of loyalty is what you might call, at least in Colson's old circles, a novel application of the term.

In which Chuck Colson, wildest of the White House Wild Bunch and now a bashful babe in Christ, promises to be loyal, reverent and true

Now, a week after Chuck Colson formally committed his life to Jesus Christ and his body to a federal prison, he's sitting in his law office in the Octagon Building a block away from the White House suffering an intolerable imposition on precious time. Nine days before the former special counsel to the President is to be locked up, I'm watching miniscule air bubbles escape from the corner of his rigidly placid smile. I'm trying to determine whether the smile is beatific or goofy. . . . Maybe, I think, uncontrolled New Testament shock treatments, red-hot jolts of Ephesians, Corinthians, Romans, Revelation and John damaged his brain while bringing him to his knees in the incredible conversion to evangelical Christianity.

For two days I've been drinking the law firm's liquor and talking to, among others, Charlie Morin, Colson's longtime friend and law partner. Morin, a personable product of Exeter and Harvard, is a former employee of the Central Intelligence Agency, the Washington-based director of the CIA's Philippine desk from 1951 to 1953. As a favor to Morin, Colson has consented to see me, although he's not entranced with the prospect of answering questions while preparing to go to prison. (Facing trial before a predominantly black jury and Federal Judge Gerhard A. Gesell on charges of criminal conspiracy in the Ellsberg burglary case, Colson pleaded to a single count of obstructing justice and was sentenced to one to three years in prison and fined $5,000.)

On his office wall are large signed photographs of Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew. On shelves behind him are: a warm letter to him from the President when he left the White House in March 1973, a painted wood carving of a cherubic Nixon, a framed blowup of a memo from Colson to John Dean and a framed typed

Terence Sheridan, a free-lance writer from Cleveland and NEW TIMES' *correspondent, last reported in these pages on Jerry Ford.*

ART BY VICTOR VALLA

note, a birthday greeting, describing the versatility and value of a chess piece, the knight.

The October 1972 knight note, covered with signatures of former White House staffers, concludes: "When the price is right, it is expendable."

The January 1973 memo reads:

TO: JOHN DEAN
FROM: CHARLES COLSON
NOW WHAT THE HELL DO I DO?

Shoot the bastard, kick him in the balls, kick their asses, dirty them up, burn it down, blow it up, firebomb it: high-spirited figures of speech not meant to be taken seriously, gleeful barroom billingsgate from a lanky ex-Marine, narrow-shouldered and potbellied, a White House hip-shooter.

Before redemption—when he was still a consummate liar, looking through a glass darkly and practicing root-hog-or-die politics and taking no prisoners—Charles Wendell Colson incited hallucinations: Shotgun Colson, the baddest of the Wild Bunch, standing in the door of the White House blowing away RMN's enemies with a foreshortened double-barrel.

"'Oh look, honey,' said Patty Colson, 'this [jail] has a wood-working course and you know we need dining room chairs'"

We shake hands, the smile dilates, the air bubbles vanish and I ask: "Are you at peace with yourself?"

"Yes," he says softly, "I am."

"Not bitter that you lost your ticket, your lucrative law practice?"

"No, I did what I thought was right and I accept the consequences."

"Did you attend church much before leaving the White House?"

"On again, off again."

"What will you do in prison?"

"Start digging a tunnel."

"And I'll start from the other end," Morin laughs, "and we'll meet in the middle."

Morin and Colson, the Butch Cassidy and Sundance Kid of the legal profession, are a laugh a minute. Last September Morin got an invitation to a wine and cheese affair at which Senator Lowell Weicker was to be one of the titular hosts—"Connecticut Night" at the Capitol Hill Club. Three months before, Weicker, a Republican member of the Ervin Committee, had shouted Colson out of his office, yelling: "You make me sick!" Morin circled "Weicker" and "cheese" on the invitation and sent it to Colson, asking what they should do about the party. "Let's blow the goddamn place up," Colson wrote on the invitation. Then, recalling his recent conversion and realizing that the statement would doubtlessly be misinterpreted, he called Morin. "Burn it," he said.

"Digging escape tunnels?" I ask. "Is that anything like walking over your grandmother to get Nixon reelected?"

"Yeah, that was a joke, too," Colson says. "It was something I added to a memo before the election. It was meant humorously but the papers picked it up. It's preposterous to think I would mean it. Like the charge that I wanted to firebomb the Brookings Institution. Preposterous. But some people take these things seriously. My mother did. She was upset. She said, 'That was a terrible thing to say about your father's mother. Poor Edie.' It never occurred to her it could be her mother."

I say: "I read somewhere that you were the youngest company commander in the Marine Corps," and he says: "No. That's *another* example of something getting picked up and repeated . . . blown out of proportion."

"I was 22 years old and was *acting* company commander . . . for a month—a month, that's all."

"Before the judge sentenced you, he mentioned a 'higher power of morality' and you talked about loyalty that should go beyond the man one serves."

"Well," he says, with evangelical evasiveness, "higher power means different things to different people."

"You said you felt you had a duty to tell the truth about everything you know. Will the truth hurt the President?"

He's still smiling, but less serenely. The intelligent eyes behind the horn rims have narrowed perceptibly. The interview is over. He knows all about disingenuous debate, all about zealous loyalty to power. His prestigious clients, in order: the Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corporation, Richard M. Nixon, the International Brotherhood of Teamsters and now, we are told, Jesus Christ.

He gets up from the chair, shakes hands and says politely: "I said I would tell the truth."

As I leave his office his secretary, Holly Holm, hands me a thick stack of Colson material—newspaper clips, speeches and biographical information. The firm, Dickstein, Shapiro & Morin, is humming. Colson is preparing to testify before the House Judiciary Committee and at the trial of former White House adviser John Ehrlichman, charged with plotting the Ellsberg break-in. Colson's lawyer, David Shapiro, just back from a reducing spa, a New Jersey fat farm, is talking hoarsely into a phone. "One to *three*," he says. "Three big ones."

Another partner, Henry Cashen, a former White House staffer, an assistant to both Colson and Ehrlichman, glumly assesses Ehrlichman's chances. "The higher up the ladder they go, the more severe the

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK GODFREY

The judge said, "One to three"; Chuck Colson said, "I can work for the Lord in prison or out of prison."

sentences," the 35-year-old Cashen says. "The judge is talking about punishment, not rehabilitation. If convicted, John can look forward to a tax-free vacation for three to five years."

Patricia Owens, now Morin's secretary, is working on the guest list for Colson's going-away party at the Palm Restaurant in two days. So far, she has 106 names. Guests include former White House liaison chief Bryce Harlow and financier W. Clement Stone, the Republican Party's sugar daddy. Only one person, a man, balked, complaining that it was short notice for a party.

"We don't have much time either," Owens replied coldly.

Partner Judah Best ambles by. Lawyer Best, who affects a staid posture of world-weariness, defended former Vice President Agnew. One afternoon Agnew called the busy firm and identified himself as the vice president. "Of what?" asked an unimpressed secretary. "The United States," said Agnew.

The firm has 25 lawyers, offices in Boston, New York and Washington, and influential friends spotted throughout the federal bureaucracy. In the beige-and-white Washington office, Colson's conversion is commonly referred to as the "Jesus thing." When Holly Hoim goes to Morin's office for a tumbler of vodka and water, they know that Colson, a Scotch drinker, is about to meet with his brothers in Christ, a prayer group that includes Senator Harold Hughes of Iowa, a prepossessing Democrat who will leave office in January to do the Lord's work.

"When Chuck meets with the brothers, he drinks vodka and water," says a partner. "He thinks they can't smell the booze on his breath."

Standing beside a large oil painting, an abstraction of many colors titled "Of Parasites and Free Spirits," I thumb idly through the Colson papers, stopping at a speech in which he tells what it's like being "a Christian in Washington"—Colson and Jesus standing together "against a vast array of governmental and press forces in the Watergate controversy, the Jaworski Office, the Ervin Committee, CBS, the New York *Times*, the Washington *Post*, the Rodino Committee, right on down the line." He gave the speech on May 23 at a Christian Leadership Breakfast in Owosso, Michigan. He told how he came to Christ the summer of 1973 after talking to an old Boston friend, Tom Phillips, the president of the Raytheon Company, a billion-dollar corporation—how Phillips, a convert, steered him to devout Washingtonians who meet weekly for prayer breakfasts. He related how he had been confirmed an Episcopalian, "studied" Christian Science and "looked into" Catholicism, then quoted from the Revelation of St. John the Divine, Jesus knocking on the door: "If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him and he with me."

Of himself and spiritual vacuums, Colson said that he had spent half his life, 42 years, in "government"—"All the way from boot camp to the White House."

He went on: "I had worked my way through college with some minor academic distinctions, I had been the youngest company officer in the Marine Corps, I had been the youngest administrative assistant in the United States Senate, I had worked my way through four years of law school at nights and graduated with honors, I had built a successful Washington law practice. . . ."

Youngest company officer in the Marine Corps?

"He's been my partner and he's still my partner," Morin is saying. Morin, a dark-haired handsome man of 51, is chairman of the government's Commission on the Review of the National Policy Toward Gambling, which is investigating the possibility that 25 "families" annually net from $9 to $50 billion in illegal wagering. "The job of a lawyer is serving his client.

Chuck has always lived his life this way and so have I. We used to get pissed off at one another, but when he was pissed at me it usually had something to do with him thinking that I had let a client down. If a client wants to do something, it's not the job of a lawyer to tell him he can't, unless it's illegal.

"Chuck has been waiting a year and a half to tell his story in this partisan witch hunt," Morin says. "The system is rotten . . . the grand jury system. What chance would he have had in front of a black trial jury in this town? I'm not saying that's why he pleaded. In fact, I think they had a weak case against him. I just hope his prayer group didn't give him bad advice. That Hughes is a mystic . . . ever see those eyes? A strong, strong man.

"Anyway, he was muzzled until he pleaded. If convicted it would have taken, with appeals, three years, and the President would have been out of office by then. Don't be so sure that his testimony would hurt Nixon. My guess is that it would help him. I'm not saying Chuck isn't culpable. After all, he's not throwing himself in front of the tanks for nothing. But he believes with all his heart in the presidency . . . in America. I don't know what he has to tell, but I'm sure he's not going to lie. He's had too many indictments already."

"How's he feel about the President sticking it to him in the transcripts, calling him a name-dropper and saying that he shoots off his mouth too much?"

"Oh hell," Morin grins, dismissing it with a wave of his hand. "Chuck laughed about it. There was a deleted statement and Chuck said, 'I know what he said there. He said, *Colson has brass balls*.'

MEMO To: John Dean From: Charles Colson Now what the hell do I do?

"It was like this," Morin says. "If the President asked him to commit a burglary, he would have said, 'You're out of your mind!' But if the President asked him again, Chuck would have committed the burglary. But not for Nixon—for the *presidency*. He has a high regard for the office."

Pat Owens has knocked back nine Scotches and a bottle of Heineken's, but she's still burning. She is short, stout and combatively loyal. "The damn bitch!" she says. Ms. Owens is talking about a woman on the radio, a woman who apparently made unkind remarks about Patty Colson, Chuck's second wife. "The goddamn broad . . . the bitch. She talked about Patty once being beautiful, a beauty queen . . . Cherry Blossom Festival Princess . . . . You know—they get to ride in open cars . . . then this bitch says that her eyes no longer sparkle and her hair has turned white and she is fat—*fat*!

"Poor Patty," she says. "This is going to be tough on her. After 10 years they are still in love. They hold hands and blow kisses across the room."

Chuck and Patty Colson are nevertheless trying to make the best of it. He wants to write a book in prison but worries about getting permission to use a tape recorder. He and his wife read federal reports on minimum security institutions the way jet-setters scan brochures on sumptuous retreats. "Oh look, honey," said Patty Colson, "this one has a woodworking course and you know we need dining room chairs."

But Pat Owens prefers to talk about the good times, the hilarious practical jokes and Chuck's modest yacht, cruising the Potomac of a summer's night: good

PHOTOGRAPH BY BLACK STAR/BRACK

Among the memorabilia in Colson's office is a framed greeting describing the versatility of a chess piece—the knight.

Colson's Complaint

Back in May, when the law was closing in on him, a desperate Chuck Colson was sweating bullets. And Jesus aside, he still figured the best defense was a good no-holds-barred offense. But this time he called a flying wedge up the middle—he tried to plant a self-serving conspiracy theory to rival the most paranoid ravings of the CIA-crazed National Labor Caucus. Namely, that the CIA through E. Howard Hunt had set up all of the Watergate horrors to "get" Nixon, Colson and rest of the White House gang.

The bare bones of Colson's theory, laid out in two interviews with private investigator Richard L. Bast (ironically, taped without Colson's knowledge), did make it into print recently. But the convoluted reasoning, as spun out in Colson's own words, was largely ignored, dropped as too manic to merit much direct quotation. Nevertheless, it provides a fascinating glimpse into the baroque workings of the President's hatchetman's mind.

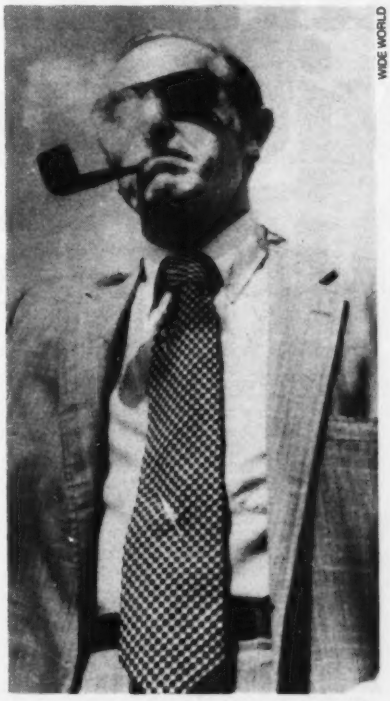
What follows are excerpts from the Bast-Colson conversations held in Bast's home in suburban McLean, Va., on May 13 and 31. (Bast himself is the source of this material, but he does not attest to the truthfulness of any of Colson's statements.)

Colson: "I think it was framed, but I can't prove it. I think the whole Watergate was a setup. . . . As I look back on everything Hunt did, in the White House, it was to bag me or to bag somebody. He had everybody under his thumb by the time he was through."

Bast asks why Nixon does not reveal this plot. Colson: "There's enough evidence to support it . . . but his credibility is zero. I talked to the President about this in January at great length. We talked for two or three hours on a Sunday about this, about his doing just this. He's convinced the CIA is in this up to their eyeballs. He is afraid that if he went public with it, everybody would say, 'Look at Nixon now, what a diversion he's trying to create, what a red herring,' nobody would believe him.

"I'm convinced that Hunt was the CIA vehicle just like this Yeoman Radford was the Joint Chiefs' vehicle. Why they were doing it or what they were trying to accomplish . . . whether they were in there to knock him off or whether they were in there just to spy and gain information—I don't know the answer to that." And why haven't the prosecutors gone after it?

Colson: "Obviously, if my suspicions are true, that throws the whole Watergate case into a cocked hat, and the prosecutors have all known of this stuff. They've not only not touched it, but they've gone out of their way to deflect people from it." And the press?



WIDE WORLD

E. Howard Hunt: out to bag somebody?

Colson: "Bob Woodward of the CIA is now subject to total blackmail by them." Bast interrupts to suggest that Colson has misspoken and means Bob Woodward of the Washington *Post*. Colson corrects himself, then continues: "They [the CIA] can show how every story that he won the Pulitzer Prize for and got $2 million on the movies was fed to him by the CIA. That makes him a whore." Colson suggests that the CIA could say, "Mr. Woodward, would you really like to tell the whole story of how you exposed the Watergate? We gave you everything you printed. We can show it. We've got it all in our files. . . . It makes Clifford Irving look like a goddamn saint. You want to be exposed as a whore?

"You know Seymour Hersh of the New York *Times*? . . . He and I have become good friends. He's a left-winger and I'm a right-winger and we're pals." In February, said Colson, Hersh had access to some of the documents relating to the CIA involvement in Watergate. "He called Mr. Colby [director of the CIA]. Colby spent two hours with him, confirmed it all. Hersh within half an hour gets a call from his editor, who says 'no story,' and he didn't write it. Dan Rather gets the exclusive that the CIA kept tapes of everything and destroyed them four days after Mansfield requested them. . . . Boy, did they sit on Rather over there after that story."

As a brief epilog, we contacted the three reporters Colson mentions. Here are their comments. Bob Woodward: "I find it deeply regrettable and saddening that Mr. Colson, who has pleaded guilty to smearing Dr. Ellsberg, is still doing the same thing. . . . This is another typically diverting effort [to deflect people's attention from Watergate]."

Dan Rather: Colson is "dead-assed wrong" and "I think he knew he was wrong when he said it. Nobody at CBS ever sits on me not to pursue a story." Rather said he did develop the story to the point where he forced the CIA to admit that they had destroyed documents. "I eventually got to the point," Rather said, "where I thought I was being used in part for Colson's defense and then I made the decision to spend less time on it."

Hersh: "It's horseshit, complete utter nonsense. Colson tried to peddle me that story two months ago. I checked it out and there was no story there. When there's no story, there's nothing to write."

food and good liquor and listening to the band concerts near a spot where the Watergate Apartments now stand.

"It was a ball," she says. "We would drink and eat and listen to the band. One night they played the Marine Corps Hymn and we started laughing. Chuck got mad and told us to shut up. It used to be his favorite hymn."

Years ago, as a joke, she bought T-shirts for Chuck and Charlie. They were lettered: "Up yours, Charlie."

"Chuck was living over on Fourth Street, Southeast, at the time," she says. "They had a beautiful place but the neighborhood was mostly the element. One day he ran out to go to the store, forgetting he had on the T-shirt. He's running down the street and these people are staring at him. Those colored people thought he was a crazy man." Later, as another joke, she had *Ebony* magazine sent to his home, a gift subscription. During the first inaugural ceremony a friend snapped a picture of Colson screaming "Nixon!" and waving a small American flag. Pat had it enlarged and recast as a fake cover of *Time* magazine.

"Unbelievably funny," she laughs. "This big guy with a dopey smile . . . waving a tiny flag."

Pat Owens incessantly thinks of things to do to cheer people up. That's why she is now looking for the toilet seat. It's somewhere in the office. Colson bought it a long time ago, an early American toilet seat . . . with an eagle adorning the top and the prim-looking face of a former law partner glued face-up under the seat. He used to get a kick out of lifting the lid and showing the picture to visitors. "Before he leaves," she says, "I'm going to get it and put it on his office john. When he lifts the lid and sees that guy's face, it will break him up. And he needs a laugh." ●

A parallax view of history

If George McGovern had been elected President of the U.S.

By Robert Sam Anson

Washington, July 15, 1974 (AP) President George McGovern granted former White House aide E. Howard Hunt and six other convicted Watergate burglars executive clemency today, slightly more than two years after the break-in at the headquarters of the Democratic National Committee. Presidential Press Secretary Frank Mankiewicz said that the President was taking the action as part of his effort to "call everyone home to America." Mankiewicz refused to comment on reporters' questions about persistent rumors that other former officials in the Nixon administration may have been involved in planning the burglary. In San Clemente, California, former President Nixon was unavailable for comment. A spokesman for the former chief executive said that Mr. Nixon was busy tape recording his recollections of his presidency for his forthcoming memoirs.

According to a former McGovern aide, it all fits: the style, the tone, the pardon not even Nixon would give. "Sure McGovern would let 'em off," he says. "George is a minister's boy. He believes in redemption. He can't stay mad at anybody very long. It's just not in him."

The only part of the story that isn't believable is the first three words: "President George McGovern." *President McGovern*, the most colossal loser in modern political history?

According to a national pollster who's been doing some recent samplings, however, the prospect is not so farfetched. In Indiana, which, like 48 other states in the nation, went for Nixon by a landslide, the pollster recently asked respondents whom they voted for in the presidential election of 1972. To his astonishment, McGovern carried the Hoosier State by a comfortable margin. The pollster repeated the question in California, which went for Nixon by nearly 10 percentage points. In the recount McGovern emerged the narrow winner. Since then, the pattern has shown up in state after state. The conclusion seems inescapable. Unknown to everyone, George Stanley McGovern on November 7, 1972, in the most stunning upset in political history, was elected President of the United States.

As President, McGovern would have pardoned the criminals from CREEP—but he believes they might have assassinated him first

Given what actually happened that day, and everything that's gone on since, it's hard to blame the average American voter for fibbing a little. All considered, the election of 1972 is one of those little unpleasantries that most people—aside, perhaps, from a few sadists who enjoy watching Nixon and the country twisting, to coin a phrase, slowly, slowly in the wind—would just as soon forget. There is not much glory in it for anyone, whomever they voted for.

But, just suppose for a moment . . . what if (gulp) it really had been McGovern. Think of all the things that never would have happened. Impeaching the President, convicting the attorney general, making Woodward and Bernstein famous. Think of everything we would have missed. Sam Ervin's drawl, Tony Ulasewicz's jokes, John Dean's pursed lips. L. Patrick Gray could never have burned the contents of Hunt's safe; he wouldn't have been director of the FBI. Henry Kissinger couldn't have lied about the wiretaps; he wouldn't have been secretary of state. And poor Chuck Colson would still have been looking for Christ. Think of the jokes, the poster sales, the publishing contracts—all down the drain. And think of everything that *would* have happened instead. . . .

Anson, who last reported for NEW TIMES *on the black market in babies, wrote a biography on McGovern in 1972.*

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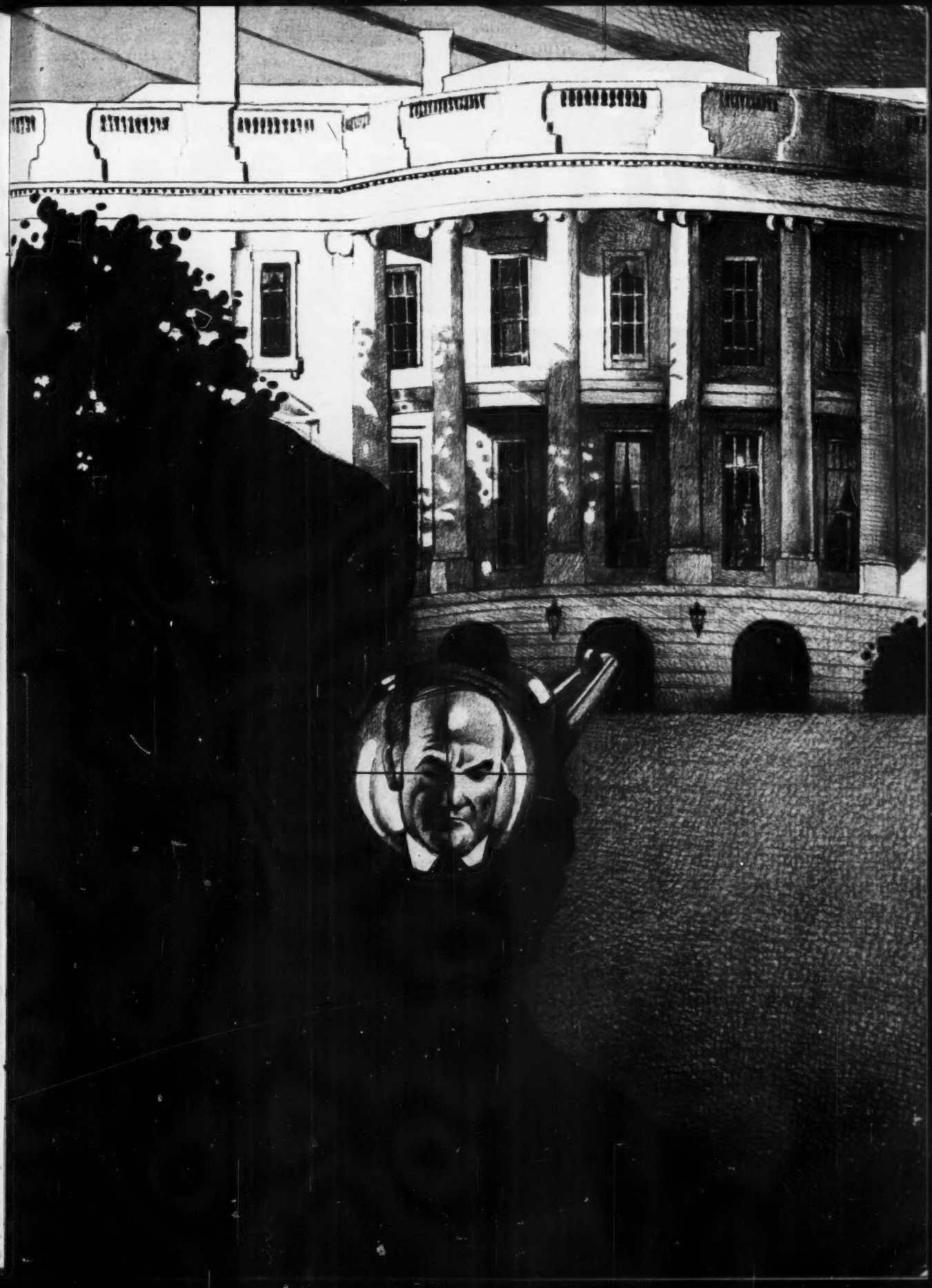

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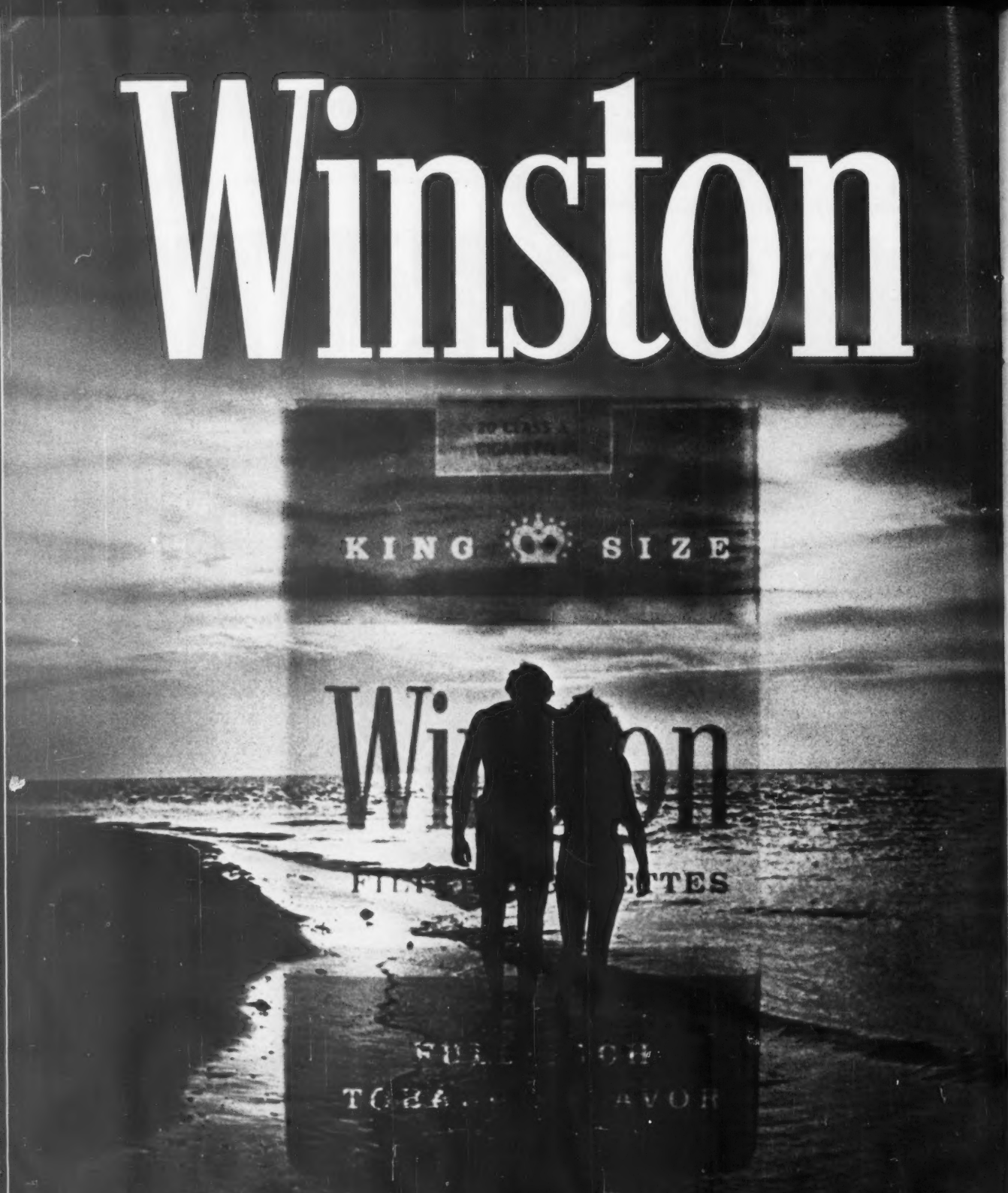

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JOINT CHIEFS RESIGN

WASHINGTON—Feb. 26 Admiral Thomas H. Moorer, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, announced today that he and his four associates were resigning because they "could not in good conscience continue" under President McGovern. Speaking at a press conference in the Pentagon, Admiral Moorer cited amnesty and the proposed reduction of the defense budget as the primary reasons for the collective resignation.

The move by the Joint Chiefs, unprecedented in American history, was not entirely unexpected. The Pentagon has been openly at odds with the Administration since the President announced his 60-day timetable for withdrawal from Vietnam late last month. Two weeks ago, after the President announced his program of amnesty for deserters from the

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fled to Canada and Sweden. Admiral Moorer, appearing on the ABC broadcast *Issues and*

Senator George McGovern, as it happens, is one of those people who think about it a lot, almost daily, in fact, and, truth to tell, even he has a hard time imagining that he would now be nearly midway through his term. McGovern, like everybody else in Washington, has been reading the Nixon transcripts ("They were like eating popcorn. I couldn't stop. I stayed up all night reading them") and, together with what he's heard and suspected about the gang from CREEP, he wonders, frankly, if he had won, whether he wouldn't have fallen victim to the Dirtiest Trick of All. "You look at some of the people who were working for them (The Committee to Re-Elect the President)," he says, slowly, reflectively, considering the seriousness of what he is saying, "and it makes you stop and think. Some of them were fanatics. Willing to do anything. Sometimes I wonder, if we had won, if we would have survived."

A fairly somber notion, that—the thought of one's own assassination. But, as McGovern himself says, he is "less innocent now," less confident in what he used to claim, almost as an article of personal faith, was "the fundamental decency of people." He even looks different. As he leans back, jacketless, on a park bench a few hundred yards from where he would have taken his oath of office, he seems healthier, heavier, his eyes less weary and worried, finally comfortable with the celebrity he never wore very well. The gutting by Humphrey in Miami, the embarrassment about Tom Eagleton and the staff bickerings toughened McGovern. As President, he would have carried some of that new toughness with him.

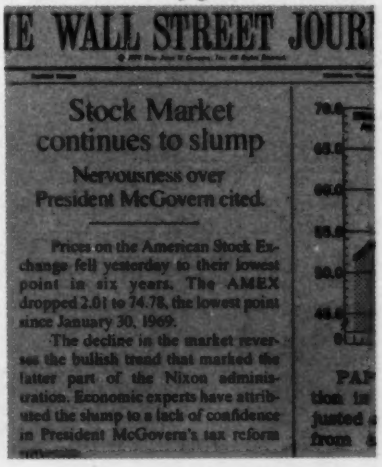
He would have needed it. Had McGovern won the election, he would have done so only by the narrowest of margins. And it would not have been at all like 1960, when, despite the thinness of the victory, John Kennedy took office in an aura of general good will. As President, George McGovern would have confronted a nation half of whose people hated his guts.

The hatred was the unexpected but probably inevitable byproduct of McGovern's own campaign, which never pledged half when double would do. It was McGovern, after all, who promised not only to end the oil depletion allowance, but to close all tax loopholes; not only to trim the fat from the defense budget, but to slash it by $30 billion; not only to reform welfare, but to give every man, woman and child in the country a thousand dollars; not only to end the war, but grant amnesty for draft dodgers and, in one memorably indelicate phrase, "crawl on my knees to Hanoi" if such a posture would prompt the release of American POWs. The result was predictable. The rhetoric won McGovern the nomination, and scared the hell out of everyone who didn't vote for him.

McGovern's first task as President would have been to undo the damage he and "Democrats for Nixon" had done. If he were to have governed—indeed, if national hysteria were to have been avoided—McGovern would have had to convince the fearful, the doubters, the people who scared their children with the mention of his name, that the man who, for some inexplicable reason, had been catapulted into the White House was not really the advocate of "acid, amnesty and abortion" but, in fact, a mild-mannered minister's son from Mitchell, S.D., who had just been grossly misunderstood.

His election itself would have turned much of his image around, or so some top McGovern aides contend. "The press would have saved us," says one man who likely would have wound up as a special assistant to the President in a McGovern administration. "During the primaries, when we were winning, the press said we were geniuses, when we really weren't. During the campaign, when things started going wrong, the press said we were completely awful, which we really weren't, either. If we had won—the biggest upset in history—the press would have thought we were geniuses again, and, for a while, we could have done no wrong."

Cynical, but probably right. Even so, McGovern himself realizes that more than a sophisticated propaganda campaign would have been required to defuse at least some of his opposition. Gestures would have been called for, and, even before taking office, President-elect McGovern would have made them. High-visibility posts, dear to the right wing, would have been exempted from the spoils system. Non-political professionals would have assumed the directorships of both the CIA and the FBI. Defense would have gone to Paul Warnke, a fully certified member of the foreign policy establishment who served as assistant secretary of defense under President Johnson. The attorney general would not have been a bomb-thrower, either. John Douglas, the moderate, low-keyed son of former Senator Paul Douglas, himself a former assistant attorney general under Robert Kennedy, probably could have had the job if he had wanted it. If Douglas didn't, McGovern might well have turned to Morris Dees, a Birmingham lawyer and millionaire and architect of the McGovern campaign's direct mail solicitations. As attorney general, Alabamian



IE WALL STREET JOUR

Stock Market continues to slump

Nervousness over President McGovern cited.

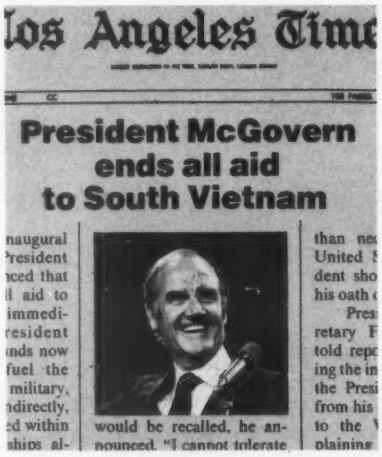
Prices on the American Stock Exchange fell yesterday to their lowest point in six years. The AMEX dropped 2.01 to 74.78, the lowest point since January 30, 1969.

The decline in the market reverses the bullish trend that marked the latter part of the Nixon administration. Economic experts have attributed the slump to a lack of confidence in President McGovern's tax reform

Dees would have been visible proof that the South had an important voice in the McGovern administration.

Wall Street, on the other hand, would have needed more than symbolic reassurance. Not since William Jennings Bryan crusaded against the gold standard had the business community been so traumatized by a presidential candidate. Compared to the likes of McGovern, what with his tax schemes and notions about "redistributing income" (translation: soak the rich), FDR, whose newsreel image businessmen used to hiss at the Ritz, seemed a positive moderate. Even if the election of McGovern did not precipitate the immediate collapse of the stock market, the financial unease would have rippled like tsunamis across the land. During the campaign, McGovern had tried to deradicalize his image, notably by burying the thousand dollars a year scheme ("a politically disastrous" proposal, he now admits) and rechristening tax loopholes "previously necessary tax concessions." As President, he would have continued the rapprochement, first by naming Wilbur Mills, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee and a fiscal conservative, secretary of the treasury. McGovern's economic advisers, chief among them Brookings Fellow Arthur Okun, an old Kennedy hand, would have had a liberal rather than radical cast. Lightning rods like Ken Galbraith might have been omitted from official posts altogether. All the same, the business community would have been a festering concern through McGovern's administration, much as it was during the Kennedy presidency. Even McGovern is not hopeful. "As soon as people realized there was an energy crisis," he says resignedly, "they would have forgotten about the Arabs. They would have blamed it on me. They would have said it was proof that the business community had no confidence in McGovern."

The new President would have had to be cautious. And the suspicion of Wall Street was not the only warning light. There was his reputation as a less than


Los Angeles Time

President McGovern ends all aid to South Vietnam

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compleat judge of character to consider. Burned by the Eagleton experience, McGovern would have had to move warily in filling out his Cabinet and major executive posts, with checks and clearances up and down the line, from the FBI, and unlikelier, but politically no less important, agencies such as the Democratic National Committee (Gene Westwood would have been gone; Strauss would have been in), the AFL-CIO and last, but by no means least, the Kennedy family.

The liberals might not have liked it, but they would have had to live with it. Of course, they would have had their tokens, too: perhaps Bess Myerson and Sissy Farenthold in the Cabinet. Frank Church at State, Al Lowenstein running the Peace Corps, Willy Brown and Julian Bond somewhere in HEW.

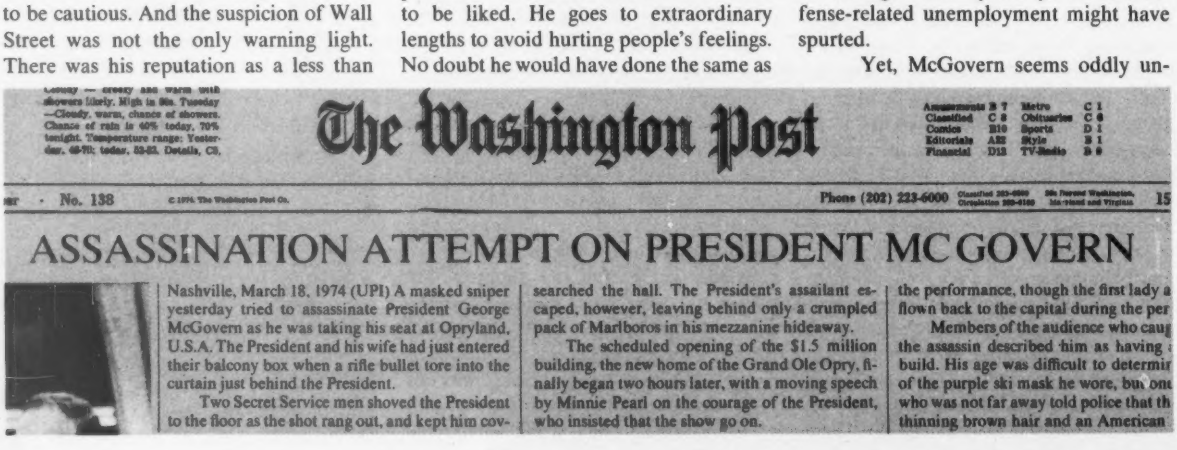
In sum, not something for everybody, but enough so that no one would have been loudly unhappy. That principle (unstated, naturally) would have been the hallmark of the McGovern administration. If it sounds like conventional politics, it is, because, in many ways, McGovern is a conventional, nuts and bolts, consensus-seeking politician. A Democrat has to be to get elected in Republican South Dakota. McGovern likes to be liked. He goes to extraordinary lengths to avoid hurting people's feelings. No doubt he would have done the same as President, not only because it would have been "Christian," still a very important consideration with a man who once studied for the ministry, but because, given the potentially explosive divisions in the country, it would have been the only way George McGovern could have held his presidency together.

McGovern would have needed all the support he could have mustered, because the pressures to tear him apart would have begun almost immediately, starting with Vietnam. The scenario of how events might have run is clear. Upon his election, the North Vietnamese would have broken off their secret talks with Kissinger in Paris. If Nixon, in a final, grand gesture had not pulled out all the troops and stopped the bombing by Inauguration Day, McGovern would have, as promised, picked up the phone in his limousine on the ride back up Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House and made the fateful call to the Pentagon. (The next call would have been to J. Edgar Hoover, telling him he was fired.)

On Vietnam and military spending there would have been no concessions to the right, no gestures, no delaying. The Pentagon's budget would have been cut $10 billion each of the first three years of the McGovern administration. All of the military aid to Saigon would have stopped (and General Thieu might well have been living out his days in comfortable, deserved obscurity in a Swiss villa). There would not have been a B-1 bomber or a Trident submarine, and Lockheed would probably have been out of business. The draft dodgers would have been welcomed home right along with the POWs.

None of it would have gone down easily. The right would have screamed. The Catholics would have predicted bloodbath. Like Maxwell Taylor did in protest during the Eisenhower administration, maybe one, maybe all of the members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff would have resigned. Temporarily, at least, defense-related unemployment might have spurted.

Yet, McGovern seems oddly un-


Cloudy — dreary and warm with showers likely. High in 80s. Tuesday —Cloudy, warm, chance of showers. Chance of rain is 60% today, 70% tonight. Temperature range: Yesterday, 68-91; today, 53-83. Details, C8.

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ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT ON PRESIDENT MCGOVERN

Nashville, March 18, 1974 (UPI) A masked sniper yesterday tried to assassinate President George McGovern as he was taking his seat at Opryland, U.S.A. The President and his wife had just entered their balcony box when a rifle bullet tore into the curtain just behind the President.

Two Secret Service men shoved the President to the floor as the shot rang out, and kept him covsearched the hall. The President's assailant escaped, however, leaving behind only a crumpled pack of Marlboros in his mezzanine hideaway.

The scheduled opening of the $1.5 million building, the new home of the Grand Ole Opry, finally began two hours later, with a moving speech by Minnie Pearl on the courage of the President, who insisted that the show go on.

the performance, though the first lady a flown back to the capital during the per

Members of the audience who caug the assassin described him as having build. His age was difficult to determir of the purple ski mask he wore, bu one who was not far away told police that th thinning brown hair and an American

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worried. The defense cuts? He could have sold them to Congress: "In matters of national defense, the Congress tends to go along with basically anything the President wants. He sets the agenda." The unemployment? The McGovern Economic Conversion Plan (which he introduced in Congress, with consistent nonsuccess, every year since 1966) would have spent millions, billions maybe, retooling old defense plants into places that turned out rapid transit systems and stuff, and even more people would have been put to work. The Joint Chiefs? "I can handle them," he boasts. "I've been waiting years to take them on."

Maybe McGovern could have, and maybe it would have all worked out. But the crises would not have ended with Vietnam; they would have just begun.

Energy, for instance. McGovern says he would have moved faster, more decisively and drastically than Nixon. He would not have pussyfooted about gas-rationing. Today, people would have been clipping coupons for nearly a year. If he had had his way with Congress, there would also have been a government-owned oil company, not selling oil, but drilling for it and, in the process, keeping the price of gasoline down at the pump. McGovern would have stopped short, however, of truly radical measures. He would not have nationalized Standard Oil. He would not have used the antitrust statutes to bust it. Reaction from the business community would have been one prohibition. More important, however, is McGovern himself. He is not, for all his reputation to the contrary, a populist or a radical. He simply would like to see capitalism work better and more humanely. Besides, as he puts it, with disarming and wholly characteristic candor, "I don't know very much about economics."

McGovern claims to know enough, however, to be sure that the way Nixon has been trying to cope with inflation is disastrous. The McGovern formula: cut taxes (while closing tax loopholes for the rich), guarantee incomes, apply wage and price controls (and keep them applied), make government the employer of last resort, slash defense spending (a major inflationary force, according to McGovern and most liberal economists), reduce overseas troop levels (and thus ease the balance of payments deficit) and—very selectively—encourage price competition by attacks on major monopolies.

In another age, the McGovern proposals might have been called, as they were in FDR's day, "pump-priming." The point is that none of them are terribly revolutionary—but at least they possess the virtue of having worked in the past, something that cannot be said for Nixonomics.

McGovernomics would also have embraced the poor. The redesigned welfare reform package (which President McGovern would have dubbed "negative income tax," à la Milton Friedman), McGovern thinks, would have cleared Congress by now. The school lunch program (in which McGovern, as chairman of the Senate Hunger Committee, maintains a special interest) would have been expanded rather than, as has been the case under the second Nixon administration, cut back. As for the War on Poverty, John Holum, McGovern's chief legislative aide (and the Joe Califano of the McGovern presidency), says bluntly: "What Nixon dismantled, President McGovern would have *re*-mantled."

All of which would surely have pleased the liberals. The left, especially the Jewish left, might not have been so ecstatic, however, with the way their President handled the Yom Kippur War and the subsequent negotiations. In short, pretty much like Nixon.

Slavish support to Israel is routinely demanded of all Democratic candidates for President, and just as routinely delivered. During his campaign, McGovern was no different. But he was, he says, "never comfortable" making the ritual bows, saying the politically necessary things in which he did not fully believe. "We were pressed into positions that were a little too rigid," McGovern says. "You always had to underplay the underlying problems of the Palestinians and overplay the American military alliance with Israel. I had to keep speaking in rather harsh terms." Today, with the pressure off, McGovern no longer speaks so harshly. The operative question, of course, is if, as President, with the pressure fully on, McGovern could have done the same. Even McGovern hesitates. Speaking of Kissinger's performance, he admits: "Frankly, I don't know if I would have done as well."

McGovern doesn't know. Nor, of course, will any of us. History has made the guessing games just that—guesses, games. And rather pathetic games at that.

For a long time after his defeat, McGovern used to brood about how history might have spun differently: the things he should have said, and not said; the things he should have done, and not done. If it hadn't been for the California challenge, maybe he would have focused better on his choice for his running mate. Maybe if he had focused better, he wouldn't have chosen Eagleton. And, if he hadn't chosen Eagleton, he wouldn't have dissembled, and backpedaled, and agonized all too publicly. Then, maybe he'd have kept his credibility, and, if that had happened, and people had believed what he and the Washington *Post* were saying about what Ronald Ziegler kept insisting was a "third-rate burglary," then, well, maybe . . . .

San Francisco Chronicle

PRESIDENT GRANTS AMNESTY TO ALL!

February 12- President McGovern announced today his decision to grant amnesty to the approximately 14,000 men who refused to serve in the Vietnam war. The announcement by the President came less than two weeks after the press conference in which he presented his sixty day time table for withdrawal from Vietnam.

More than 7,000 draftees who refused to serve in Vietnam will be returning home in the

move will create considerable

In a televised address to the nation, President McGovern cited the amnesty granted by Lincoln after the Civil War as his precedent. "It is unthinkable not to pardon these youths, who served as the conscience of an entire country," said McGovern. "It is not for us to forgive them—it is for them to forgive us. History will show that these men, by risking jail and permanent exile to protest what they saw as an unjust war,

McGovern doesn't replay events anymore; he only thinks of what could have been. He talks, almost guiltily, about the Christmas bombing of Hanoi, the bombing that wouldn't have happened if he had been elected, the people that would have been alive today. Crazily, wonderfully, he feels responsible. "It didn't bother me so much losing," he says. "It didn't even bother me losing so big. But being so misunderstood." He pauses. "That's what hurt."

"I could have done a lot of things as President," McGovern says. "Any President can. But it's not the individual things that count so much, the bills you could have passed, the programs you could have implemented. Lots of things happen in every presidency. It's something else. It's the sense a President conveys to the country. It's the vision he can give, the spirits he can lift. It's showing people what we could be. You know," McGovern says finally, "I think I could have done that pretty well." ●

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wish the sun
would go in.
I'm getting redder
and redder.
Arf.
I wish you'd
just get more
Black & White.
popular dogs

The Supreme Court: the last plantation

By Nina Totenberg

When it comes to employment practices, the atmosphere at the court smacks more of juleps than of justice

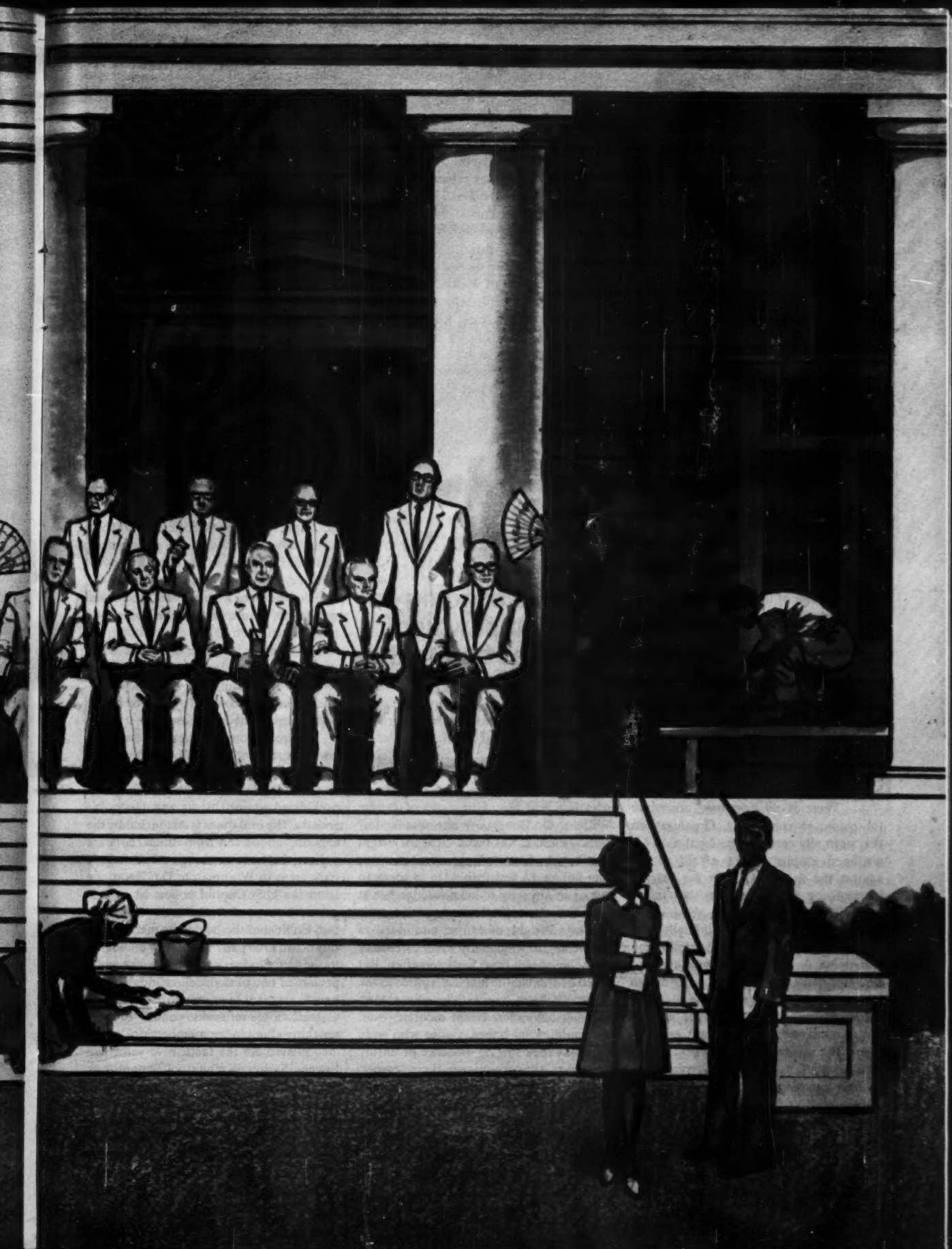
In 1971 a well-educated black messenger at the U.S. Supreme Court decided to apply for a promotion. A job had opened up that he was particularly trained to do, and the lawyers he worked with say he was well-qualified for the position. But he was turned down by court officials, who said it was a white man's job.

"Those words that are on this building—'equal justice under the law,'" remarks a black Supreme Court employee, "they don't apply to us here inside. The justices are liberal with everyone else, but not here in their own backyard." That sentiment seems to cut across racial lines. "I was really shocked when I came here," says a white court employee. "The way this place is run reminds you of an Atlanta plantation in the 19th century."

Such complaints—heard more and more around the court these days—are not merely the idle bitching of employees on their coffee breaks. A two-month investigation of the Supreme Court by *New*

Nina Totenberg is NEW TIMES' *Washington editor.*

ILLUSTRATION BY HECTOR GARRIDO



Times has uncovered a pattern of racial discrimination and unfair labor practices that would land any private corporation on the wrong side of an equal-employment law suit. Court workers charge their senior administrators with cronyism, nepotism and racism in hiring and promotion, not to mention unacceptable working conditions and substandard pay scales. Rather than being a model of fair labor practices, the court seems almost antebellum in its attitude toward its more than 250 employees. The atmosphere is more mint juleps than justice.

The Supreme Court is exempt from the Civil Service Act. It is also exempt from the employment provision of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and has rebuffed all employee efforts to unionize. Thus, the high court is virtually outside the law on employment matters. As one employee put it: "We are at the mercy of this institution."

Until *New Times* began its inquiry, the court did not even have an appeals process for employees who wished to protest being fired. One week after *New Times* submitted a list of written questions to the court, an appeals board was created. But almost everybody serving on the board is a supervisor. Even Cameron Smith, the assistant director of the Civil Service's Federal Employees Appeals Authority, admits that the court's new appeals system "has the appearance of unfairness." Labor lawyers are more blunt. They call it "ridiculous." And people at the court, including two members of the appeals board itself, call it a "farce." Says one court employee: "They're not fooling anyone. This system is like a grand jury, with the boss being the prosecutor and the appeals board giving him what he wants."

There is no grievance procedure for employee complaints. Organizations that normally come to the legal aid of a wronged employee are afraid to act against the Supreme Court for fear of jeopardizing any other cases they might have before the court. The Washington Lawyers Committee for Civil Rights Under Law has received racial discrimination complaints from Supreme Court employees, and committee lawyers have drawn up memoranda on the various legal justifications for suing the chief justice, who by law is responsible for all court employment. But as committee lawyer Robert Wallace candidly puts it: "It's very scary to go after the chief justice through the judicial system."

The Supreme Court policemen, who have all signed up for unionization, are already represented by their second union. The first one they tried, the American Federation of Government Employees (affiliated with the AFL-CIO), gave up rather than sue. So the cops have now signed up with the International Brotherhood of Police Officers, an organization that seems less timid about suing. If that fails, there is growing sentiment among the police about trying the Teamsters.

New Times was refused interviews with all senior court officials, although the court clerk did grant a brief telephone interview. All the justices also refused on-the-record interviews. Although the court's press officer suggested the magazine submit a list of written questions, a substantial number of those questions, when submitted, were not answered in any way. Thus, what follows is the court's employment story as told, for the most part, by numerous employees—and at the U.S. Supreme Court there seem to be very few employees who are not disgruntled.

It appears that even the most private matters of employees are considered the public business of the court. Take the case of Johnny Wright, a black laborer who last year was dating one of Justice William O. Douglas' white female law clerks. First, it was made clear to Wright that he'd be better off not seeing the girl; that failing, he was forbidden to speak to her or in any way to acknowledge her at the court—for example, saying hello in the hallway. Wright, of course, continued to say hello. He was finally fired, ostensibly for being absent from work too often. But when he went to the marshal's office to ask on which dates he was allegedly absent, the marshal ordered him escorted from the building by police. Police who were there say they saw no evidence of unruly behavior that required their escort. Johnny Wright and the law clerk, Janet Meik, are now married.

One cop commented: "If I were to make the mistake of going on drugs, that would not be as bad as the mistake I made when I came to work here"

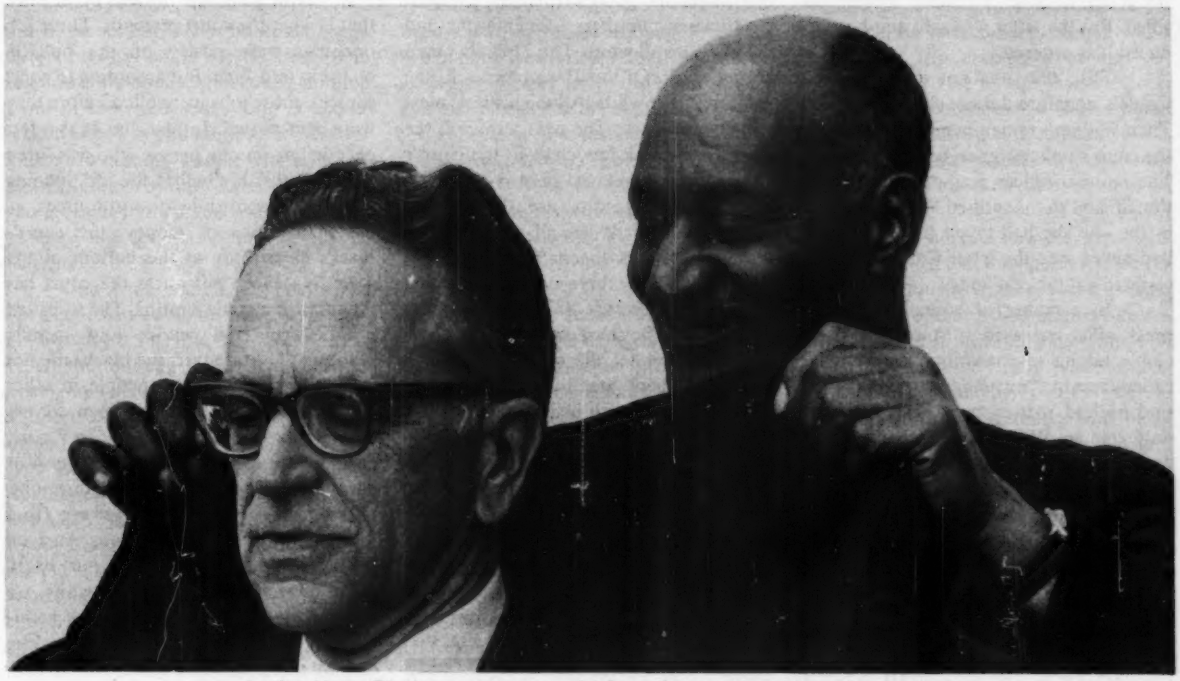
Cyril Mitchell worked as a messenger for Justice William O. Douglas for 18 years, usually 60 to 70 hours a week. He was fired shortly after he refused to serve at a private party in Justice Douglas' home. "I was shocked, really shocked when he asked me," says Mitchell. "I told the justice that I lived way out in a rural area with the closest neighbors quite a distance away, and didn't he think I should be with my family at night." Soon thereafter, Douglas fired Mitchell because, Douglas said, Mitchell had given him erroneous directions on how to get someplace the night before (Mitchell says he gave the right directions). The next day, Douglas told Mitchell he wanted a messenger who would provide "more personal" service. Mitchell replied that the court's policy was to return messengers to the marshal's office when they could not please a justice. Douglas said that would be impossible.

Mitchell, who is remembered by other justices as extremely courteous, reliable and intelligent, decided to fight. He sent a registered letter to then Chief Justice Earl Warren, and to Douglas, protesting his dismissal and asking for the usual federal service privilege of 30 days to appeal. The justices were upset. Felix Frankfurter called Mitchell, begged him not to press the case and offered to get him a job anywhere he wanted in government. But Mitchell stuck to his guns. The court relented and reinstated Mitchell in the marshal's office, with his salary reduced one notch. And there Mitchell remained until he retired in 1971.

Even on the rare occasions when the court makes rules to insure merit promotions of personnel, it appears to cavalierly break them. The system of police promotions is the best example.

Promotions are allegedly based on a written and oral exam. The written test is graded by Police Captain Vernon Coble, and the cops charge that the captain is prejudiced against blacks and favors his friends. The oral exam is conducted by the captain, an officer from the U.S. Park police (the force in charge of all federal park areas in Washington, D.C.) and one from the U.S. Capitol police. Many Supreme Court policemen insist that Captain Coble and the two other members of this board are "pals," since they all belong to the same lodge, and that they recently promoted one of their fellow lodge members to sergeant over more qualified men. Captain Coble refused to confirm or deny anything about lodge memberships.

Here are the facts. Five years ago Eugene Sartori, a white policeman, took the sergeants' exam. Sartori had just become eligible to take the exam after five years' service as an officer on the Supreme Court police force. Sartori also served five years on the Penn State police force. Of the three officers competing for two promotions, Sartori scored the highest: 57.6,



Justice Harry Blackmun gets an assist from the court's robing attendant.

as opposed to 53.2 and 56.3. But the rule was that years of seniority were added to the scores, and since both the other officers had more than 10 years' service, they ended up with the higher scores—and the promotions.

Last year, when a promotion became available, it was widely thought that Sartori would get it. He was highly respected by all his colleagues, black and white; and now he had built up nearly 10 years' seniority.

Also competing for the promotion was Patrolman William Williams, a black six-year veteran of the force. Williams had worked full-time at the court and at the same time had managed to get a college degree. But he was in disfavor with court higher-ups because of his union-organizing efforts.

Shortly before exam time last year, the five-year eligibility requirement was dropped to three years, and Officer Jesse White, a three-year veteran of the force—who allegedly was a member of Captain Coble's lodge—was permitted to take the promotion test.

The test scores, as graded by Captain Coble and his oral exam board, were: Sartori—87 written, 83 oral; White—86.5 written, 87.3 oral; Williams—77 written, 76 oral. With Sartori's years of seniority added on, he clearly would have gotten the promotion. This time, however, seniority was not considered, and White, who has only a high-school diploma and no prior police training, got the promotion.

Many court police, besides being infuriated by the court's vacillating promotion rules, were highly skeptical of the way the exams were graded. They suspected that White had been asked questions in his oral exam that were easier than those put to Sartori and Williams. Because of such instances of apparent injustice, bitterness among the police is particularly acute. One cop commented recently, "If I were to make the mistake of going on drugs today, that mistake would not be as bad as the mistake I made when I came to work here."

A few court police have shown remarkable courage and quick thinking in the face of heavy opposition. An example is the apparent attempt to frame Patrolman William Williams and three other officers for forgery. Williams is the president of the International Brotherhood of Police local that is seeking recognition, and the three other officers are also union leaders. Last fall Williams received a letter from Captain Coble saying that "no union will be recognized in the Supreme Court of the United States." In February, after newspaper articles appeared referring to the letter, the court's press officer, Barrett McGurn, termed it "a fraud."

A second letter was produced, courtesy of Captain Coble, and proclaimed "the real letter" Coble had sent to Williams. For the most part, the two letters were identical, word for word, except for one crucial omission. The first letter declared that Coble, Court Marshal Frank Hepler and Mark Cannon, the administrative assistant to the chief justice, had met and decided a union could not be allowed. The second letter, the so-called real one, made no mention of Cannon's name.

Mark Cannon is the chief justice's alter ego. He virtually runs the administration of the court. Some blacks point out that Mark Cannon is a Mormon, and they claim that he has brought other Mormons to the court. Realizing that blacks are not fully accepted as equals in the Mormon religion, the court's blacks are understandably suspicious of Cannon. Employees also resent the fact that Cannon's nephew came to work at the court under a student internship program. Although the young man was apparently paid with private foundation funds, the employees felt his being there was "nepotism." Like all other egos, Cannon is supposed to keep a low profile—but he doesn't. For some time, he has been referred to as "the tenth justice"—the letter to Williams was simply the most recent blow to his cover.

After the letter became public, Williams and the three other union leaders were summoned to the office of James B. Ginty, the court's legal officer, who, like Cannon, was personally appointed by Chief Justice Warren Burger. One by one, the officers were interrogated. They were never told the charges against them, and they were never informed of their legal rights. Williams asked if he should get a lawyer, but didn't get an answer.

Finally, the four officers were told to produce the original letter or else. Police suspect that court officials tried to steal

the letter because Williams' locker was rifled. But the letter was safe and he produced it as ordered.

Still, that was not enough. Even Coble's signature did not convince Ginty. Then Williams remembered seeing one of the court's policewomen typing the letter. The woman officer was promptly questioned, and she identified Williams' letter as the one she had typed for Coble. She had never seen the letter Coble had proclaimed as "the real" one.

In a matter of hours, the court's press office released a statement from Coble taking responsibility for what he called recent "misunderstandings." He said he had written two letters but sent only one to Williams and that he had "mistakenly handed [only] the second letter to my superiors."

To most observers, it looked as though Cannon had been caught in a heavy-handed attempt to squelch the union and this was his way of getting out of it. But as Patrolman Williams told the Los Angeles *Times*: "I thought my job and my reputation were on the line. If I had been fired from the Supreme Court for falsifying official documents, it would have been impossible for me to get another job, at least one that amounted to anything. We were lucky we had the evidence to back us up."

One feature of the incident not known until now was that the interrogations of the police officers were tape recorded. Such tape recordings apparently have occurred on several other occasions. The court claims that employees have been informed whenever they have been tape recorded. But the court does not indicate whether it asks permission to tape record.

Moreover, at least one employee charges that Cannon attempted to secretly tape record her conversation with him. She claims that while she discussed a complaint with him, she spotted a cord underneath a paper. She says she lifted the paper and saw the tape recorder running. She said, "Mr. Cannon, your tape recorder is running." He replied, "Oh, I was just starting to dictate when you came in." She answered, "Well then, you're wasting tape." And he turned the machine off.

In other areas, too, the court seems to operate in a manner it would not allow in another employer. In Alabama v. U.S. (1962), the high court affirmed a lower court decision that said: In matters of "racial discrimination, statistics often tell much, and the courts listen." Statistics also tell a lot about the Supreme Court, but they tell the wrong story. The 21 laborers (maintenance and heavy cleaning men) at the court are all black. The 19 skilled craftsmen—including carpenters, painters, electricians, plumbers, stonemasons and the like—are all white. The 22 charwomen are all black. Of the 21 secretaries to the justices, 20 are white. All the justices' messengers are black. The next term will see the second black law clerk in the court's history. The secretarial pool is all white. The telephone operators are all white. The full-time librarians are all white, except for two black messengers. The three printers are white. The three elevator operators are black. There are 38 white cops and nine blacks. The court clerk and one of his deputies is white; the other deputy is a Chicano. There are 14 white assistant clerks and two black assistant clerks. But the two blacks get paid less than 12 of the whites. And although they are low men on the pay scale, the two blacks each have more than 30 years' service at the court.

The marshal's office has three white secretaries and three white administrators; it has four black messengers, a black secretary and a black stock clerk.

The court's only black justice, Thurgood Marshall, deliberately avoids internal civil rights battles

"It is clear from the statistics that the Supreme Court has a classically segregated work force," says Robert Wallace of the Washington Lawyers Committee for Civil Rights Under Law. "In nearly every instance and every office, the blacks hold the lowest jobs and get paid the least. The labor force, of course, is the lowest, dirtiest, crumbiest job there. It always has been all black, and it still is. Those jobs that always have been all white—such as the skilled crafts jobs—still are."

Word-of-mouth recruiting—the practice of advertising job vacancies orally—seems the order of the day, even though it has been held illegal by the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. When a vacancy occurs in a white-dominated office, the white people tell their friends, and a white person fills the vacancy before blacks even learn it exists. The most elementary provision in any court order to desegregate a work force is the requirement that all job vacancies be posted. Until *New Times* began making inquiries, the Supreme Court did not post job opportunities.

Now jobs are posted—or at least that is what the court pretends. Three job openings were posted on the bulletin board in mid June. But according to court sources, those jobs were filled before they were ever posted. In fact, the final reference letters on one person who was hired went out the day before the job opening was posted, according to court sources.

In terms of money, the court's blacks clearly are at the bottom of the scale. No black person at the court has higher than a grade 8 rating. The so-called middle-level civil service jobs include grades 9-12. Moreover, the blacks are not paid competitively with people in other federal agencies. The charwomen, for example, who work from 1 a.m. to 7 a.m., earn $3.40 per hour, with the supervisor earning $3.62 per hour. The same jobs, under civil service, pay anywhere from $3.44 per hour to $4.01 per hour. An even starker contrast occurs at the court itself, where 33 workers, most of them white, are paid by the Capitol architect. (The architect is in charge of the work force at the Capitol and is also responsible for 33 jobs at the court.) Many of them have jobs similar to those of the court's laborers but get paid substantially more. A Capitol architect employee who cleans bathrooms at the court, for example, gets about $1,000 more per year than a court laborer who does the same job.

In its defense, the Supreme Court claims that 17 percent of its employees earning above $10,000 are non-white. But Mr. Wallace of the Washington Lawyers Committee notes that with the increase in the cost of living, these figures don't necessarily mean much. What does mean a lot, he says, is that "blacks clearly don't progress at the court." The upper echelon is completely white dominated. The lower level is almost exclusively black.

Many whites at the court are also appalled at the way blacks are kept from progressing. Says one middle-echelon white administrator: "I'm no civil rights promoter. But you can't help but ask why they don't give some of these black guys a chance instead of bringing people in all the time. There are some plenty intelligent blacks here—some of them speak two or three languages and write the most beautiful letters you've ever seen. . . . But these guys don't have a chance."

In fact, the court's highest-grade black quit this year, in part because of her frustration over racial discrimination. The woman was one of the court's assistant librarians, and a number of law clerks speak highly of her; she has a master's degree in library sciences. "I think if there were no discrimination at the court, certainly I would have gotten a higher posi-

tion and more pay," says the woman, who prefers that her name not be used. "The way things are done at that court—nothing is out in the open, everything is underhanded. The job evaluations and descriptions mean nothing. People with no training or interest are jumped ahead of people who are well-trained and who go to postgraduate courses and seminars. It's ridiculous."

One white employee points out that a good case could be made for forcing the Supreme Court into the same kinds of remedial employment that it requires of other employers who discriminate. After all, the Supreme Court cafeteria was segregated until the 1940s.

It was this same pattern of nonprogress up the employment ladder that cost AT&T so much money recently. The Equal Employment Opportunity Commission sued AT&T for stereotyping women into lower level jobs, in much the way the court has stereotyped blacks. AT&T settled the suit for $30 million in damages plus a huge remedial hiring and promotion system.

Besides all the larger manifestations of discrimination, blacks at the court complain of endless personal affronts—the black barber who will not cut blacks' hair; the black messenger who was called on the carpet for wearing a light blue suit in the summer, instead of something darker and more conservative (he could not help but notice that some of the white administrators regularly wore light suits in the summer); the charwomen who had to scrub floors on their hands and knees (they finally were given mops with handles when court administrators noticed that the laborers were looking up the women's skirts as they washed the stairs); the fact that laborers have to wait years for parking permits, while white-collar workers at the court seem to get permits almost the day they sign on.

Justice is not the only issue at stake; there is also the matter of charity. Take the case of the black policeman who was ill with blood clots. His doctor told him not to work in the cold for awhile. So the court fired him. The policewomen work indoors all the time, but not even a temporary accommodation could be made for this man. Or the case of Olyus Hood, who worked for the court for 26 years as a messenger and then was stricken with a serious heart ailment. He, too, was summarily fired and told he would receive no retirement benefits. He finally went to a congressman for assistance, and got it.

On occasion, court messengers are treated more like personal valets, even lackeys, than government employees with inherent rights. Two years ago Philip Brooks was serving as messenger for Justice Stanley Reed, now retired. As part of his duties, Brooks had to drive Reed to his Kentucky farm for the summer and stay there in case the justice needed him. Brooks was put up at a hotel, but he had to pay for his own meals. He asked the marshal's office to forward his paycheck, but the office forgot. Brooks, of course, was soon down to his last few dollars and asked Justice Reed for money. Reed responded that the court was supposed to pay him, and that he'd have to work on the farm if he wanted money. Brooks decided it was all more than he had bargained for; he took a bus back to Washington and was soon demoted to the labor force.

White employees have been victimized by the court bureaucracy as frequently as blacks. Just a few months ago, according to court sources, a white law student working part-time was sent to pick up Justice Harry Blackmun at his home and chauffeur the justice to the airport. Unfortunately, the message was incorrect and Blackmun was waiting at the court. Later, Blackmun reportedly told the boy that he knew it wasn't the kid's fault, but the student was suspended for four days without pay anyway.

"It is clear that the Supreme Court has a classically segregated work force"

All the employees, black and white, feel shafted by the court's overtime pay system. Their salaries include a fixed 10 percent overtime factor, and no money is paid for actual overtime. Yet almost all employees must work at least one weekend out of four, and many work late several days each week.

Moreover, annual step increases in wages, which are virtually automatic in the executive branch, are often discretionary at the court. One female employee started 18 years ago at grade 2, step 1, and today has only advanced to grade 2, step 5—earning $7,082 per year.

It seems the Supreme Court has always been an unjust employer. In years past, however, the employees somehow triumphed over the injustice. They were devoted to the justices and to their work. While Warren Burger did at first attempt to raise the salaries of blacks, he has never attacked the root problem of segregated work forces. And Burger also brought with him a zeal for bureaucracy, formality and pomposity. The executives he has recruited suffer from the same shortcomings. As a consequence, the Supreme Court today is awash in bitterness.

The liberal justices are no better than Burger on questions of basic employment practices. Douglas once demanded the personnel file of a new elevator operator and almost had the operator fired for not taking Douglas directly to the parking garage—the operator had stopped at another floor first. And Justice Thurgood Marshall, the court's only black justice, deliberately avoids the court's internal civil rights battles. Remarks one black employee, "Almost any justice would have a conversation with you before Marshall. He's just like the chief justice. They just keep on walking by you."

The justices refuse to get involved in the court's personnel problems. They figure it's the chief's responsibility by law, and they conclude it is none of their business. In the past, a justice has occasionally tried to correct something horrible that happened to an employee; neither Chief Justice Warren nor Chief Justice Burger has liked this sort of interference, and the justices prefer not to rock their boat. Ironically enough, of course, they're perfectly happy to rock everybody else's boat in this country. And as one court employee put it, "Now that they've made the rest of the country comply with the Constitution, it would be the right and moral thing if they did it here."

Chief Justice Burger is a busy man, but employment problems are part of his job. Just recently he paid a visit to the police squad room to plan for its redecoration. If he has time for that, he must have some time for more pressing, human problems.

No organization wants a union to organize its employees. But the rest of the government, from the Postal Service to the U.S. marshals, has survived the ordeal.

The court's employment situation has deteriorated so drastically in recent years that perhaps only unions or civil service can restore a sense of equity and justice to the building. More and more employees speak of understanding "hatred" for the first time in their lives. More and more tell about losing pride in their jobs and losing self-respect for taking the crap that is dished out. Most talk of doing "only what I have to, to get by."

As James O'Dea of the police union put it: "These people are not being treated as reasoning adults; they are being treated like little children, to be seen and not heard" . . . or, to put it another way, like they used to treat folks down on the ol' plantation. ●

Farewell to Scouts Honor

By Bill Cardoso

August in the Idaho Panhandle. Noon and the temperature fibrillating at 102 degrees. Dehydration and exhaustion cases going through the Boy Scout Jamboree field hospital all day. For three days it goes this way until the chieftains move the salt tablets around. Hey, whatever happened to "Be Prepared"? Do you suppose old Robert S.S.W. Baden-Powell, hero of the Boer War, Reliever in the Siege of Mafeking, General of the British Army and Father of the Boy Scouts, turned in his grave at this dread knowledge? And, good Baden-Powell, there is more to come: for instance, this prophetic little melodrama in which Scout Law and Folk Law were both repealed at one fell stroke, or maybe two, depending upon how you look at it. Scout officials demonstrated clearly at their East and West jamborees that What *Doesn't* Go Up, Comes Down, as in the case of hot-air balloons. Picture a natural amphitheater, if you will, in the Idaho woods and add 40,000 people for the opening plenary session of the quadrennial National Jamboree. It is 1973. Three tethered hot-air balloons are gassed to life for a transcontinental ascent and flight to Jamboree East in Pennsylvania. "And now Ladies and Gentlemen and Scouts of all ages," the public-address announcer teases, "the first balloon is about to go up." But . . . wait . . . because of "turbulence aloft caused by 12-knot winds," the flight is canceled. For the nonce. Thank God for Howard Hughes, though.

He booked Bob Hope for the opening session. With the balloon race a bust, it fell to Hope to save the show. Instead, he told a joke about a Jap, amusing some, offending others, especially the 27 Scouts sponsored by the Japanese Baptist Church of Seattle. Now, two days later at Jamboree East, Arch Monson Jr., San Francisco socialite in charge of both jamborees, told the 45,000 cheering Scouts in Pennsylvania that racing balloons from Jamboree West were headed their way from Idaho and would arrive before the closing ceremonies. Arch should have known better than to say that because he had been in Idaho the very moment the race was canceled. In fact, he made the announcement.

"Scouting is not soldiering," wrote the father of the Boy Scouts, but no one listened. The Scouts should get into the ghettos, said Congress, but Scout leaders simply painted recruits with blackface

Sure enough, two of the three balloons that had been tethered in Idaho floated down to Jamboree East. The little white hoax would have succeeded were it not for an enterprising 14-year-old from Holiday, Florida, Larry Kircher Jr., who calculated that he had an aeronautical impossibility on his hands, even if the winds—my God!—exceeded 12 knots an hour. Kircher phoned Idaho and learned the balloonists had really only flown a few miles. The balloonists had deflated and packed their airships, jetted to Pennsylvania, gassed up at a launching site near the jamboree . . . and had dropped from the clouds like heroes. Said Kircher: "I don't think it's right to fool the Scouts. We are supposed to be trustworthy to other people as our Scout Oath says, so why can't people who deal with us be trustworthy also?"

Well, Kircher, because Scouts Honor died.

That is why they had an undercover detail all week in Idaho. The one under the direction of Detective Jerry James of the Kootenai County Sheriff's Department, and Guy Miller, the Scout executive from Portland. I have seen their documents. They were after drug users and "dissident groups trying to start incidents." Dissident groups? These were Boy Scouts. They don't *trust* you, Kircher. It's really that simple.

Come, look closer, at the grandest paramilitary-industrial youth complex ever known outside the fascist world, for there's more to it than salt tablets, Japs, hot-air hoaxes and undercover adventurers in paranoia. There are strange links and curious incidents, pipelines and conduits, lies and cover-ups and megadoses of fuel-injected jingoism.

What are the Scouts doing driving military jeeps in Idaho? What are they doing with PRC-25 radios, what the military calls PRICK-25s, extremely sophisticated ground-to-ground, ground-to-air radios? What are they doing wearing those headsets normally associated with tank corpsmen, or seen on aircraft carrier decks during raging battles? What are they connected into? Are they connected into the military? Are they plugged into the Big Army Switchboard? And where does that go? To Howard Hughes? . . . From the day it was hatched, the Scout movement has been suspect. Rightly so. Even Baden-Powell himself was aware of the duality. "Scouting is not soldiering," he scrawled across the bottom of a pen-and-ink draw-

ILLUSTRATION BY HECTOR GARRIDO

Cardoso, a West Coast free lance, reported on the liquid—and separate—state of Oregon in the last issue of NEW TIMES.

OUTS OF AMERICA

ing.

The old general, having no more Boers to fight, landed with another man and 21 boys on Brownsea Island, off England's south coast, on July 29, 1907, for two weeks of roughing it. Baden-Powell's vision was to share his personal experiences with survival in the veldts and wilds of the Transvaal. They comprised the first Boy Scout troop in the world and that, de facto, was the first jamboree.

In the fall of 1910, the story goes, a Chicago publisher named William D. Boyce, in England on business, lost his way in the London fog. As he groped, an urchin loomed and helped him find his way, in the end declining a shilling tip. (That historic fogbound moment is frozen in a diorama in the Johnston Historical Museum on the grounds of the national office in North Brunswick, New Jersey.) Once out of the fog, Boyce went straight to Baden-Powell to hear more about this vintage Good Turn. When Boyce returned home, he incorporated the Boy Scouts of America in Washington, D.C.

Within months his fledgling group was being condemned. The Western Federation of Miners, convening in Butte, Montana, denounced Boyce's effort as "a capitalist infamy" and declared in a resolution that the training of boys in military drill merely incites them to murder and shoot and maim at the behest of their masters." When Boyce sought a federal charter, the 64th Congress responded on June 15, 1916, only after assurances from the House Judiciary Committee that the movement was "not seeking to promote a juvenile military system."

More recently, Americans learned in documents stolen from the Media, Pennsylvania, FBI office that the G-men, as well as the military, were involved in time-sharing with the Scouts. The FBI had a plan encouraging local police departments to recruit Boy Scouts as informers. One stolen document discussed operation SAFE, an acronym for Scout Awareness For Emergency, in Rochester, N.Y. This operation, the document stated, provides 20,000 "extra eyes and ears for the police." Scouts were given ID cards with police, FBI and other numbers. Additionally, Scouts were asked to perform some peculiar numbers of their own. They were asked to watch for and report on "unusual activity, or lack of activity" in neighbors' homes. Is inactivity now suspect? Is it perhaps criminal to be doing nothing?

There has always been a chasm between how the custodians of Baden-Powell's dream perceive the movement and how the people do. On the one hand, the largest youth service corps dedicated to citizenship in the free world; on the other hand, some sort of Bund of God, some strange kind of American opus dei. For more than six decades the BSA, Inc. has thus crazed along. It was only a matter of time, then, until raw questions would have to be asked of the Boy Scouts.

Congress finally faced its own responsibility in 1968. On the 52nd anniversary of the charter, in a joint resolution, Congress challenged the BSA, Inc. to serve youth of this nation as required by their charter. Which meant, after all the "whereases" alluding to a glorious and vital past, that the BSA, Inc. was being admonished to get off its middle-class rump and reach all boys. It was a mandate to get with it.

Tricky business. How not to offend its Middle American infrastructure and how to still accusations of tokenism; how to enlist minorities but not at the expense of the mighty ration of God and Country, the very underpinning of the vision; how to keep afloat an industry which has an operating budget of some $115,000,000 a year. . . paid for by white folks. How to survive a changing American mindscape.

Not only was Congress on their back, the kids were quitting. While membership rolls kept reaching record numbers, so did the dropout rate. Two statistics staggered the hierarchy: 50 percent weren't advancing past Tenderfoot, the lowliest level; and 80 percent weren't advancing past 2nd Class, the next step! Scouting was not in tune with the '60s. How the National Office shuddered in those days. In the fall of '68 debate was rough indeed in the high councils at North Brunswick. The Rockwell problem illustrates the tug of war.

Norman Rockwell has been painting the Boy Scout calendar since . . . well, forever. He got his professional start with *Boy's Life*, the chief BSA, Inc. periodical, depicting America serene. The Rockwell issue was heated. How are we to reshape our image with this Apple-Pie Albatross hanging on? Let's cut our losses. Rockwell, then at the height of his considerable artistic powers, as irony would have it, was perceived to be a problem. Hey, whatever happened to Scout Loyalty? At length, Rockwell partisans prevailed. His artwork is complete for the 1975 calendar. But, how freaked the ringmasters were at their very own shadow. . . not unlike the positioning of plainclothesmen at a jamboree.

The BSA, Inc. then hired the research firm of Daniel Yankelovich to conduct a massive survey. The outcome was reformation. Of sorts. They call it the Improved Scouting Program. Implicit in reformation is an admission of wrongdoing, of culpability for past errors. There is virtue in such a plea, or so it is held. Yet, be careful. There is a caveat. The loaded word is "improved," a sometimes cosmetic word composed of ether rather than stuff. The new, improved program was launched in September 1972 with the release of the first completely revised issue of the *Scout Handbook* in 62 years and seven previous editions. In the original book, Scouts were advised, "It is horrible to be a coward." Now there is only silence on the subject. In the old book in a treatise on "care of the fingernails," one could note that "biting the nails is a filthy practice and mutilates the fingers dreadfully." This has been streamlined to a single sentence: "Keep your fingernails neatly trimmed and clean." Gone is the reason why. Omitted also is the famous picture of the Scout helping the old woman cross the street. Replacing the traditional is phased out, semi-contemporary lingo like "man, Scouting is a ball." It's more than a ball, it's a snap. Today it's possible for a Scout to advance all the way to Eagle without earning camping, hiking or even cooking skills merit badges.

These were the directions of yore for making griddle cakes: "Beat one egg, tablespoon of sugar, one cup diluted condensed milk or new milk." The directions now read: "Mix batter according to instructions on the ready-mix package." Youth today, as irony would have it, is in wholesale retreat from the ready-mix world. They want to learn how to make "real" pancakes. Let us now praise the BSA, Inc. for their adaptability and welcome them to the first half of the 20th century.

The most important part of the Improved Scouting Program is Boypower '76, billed as an eight-year plan, a $65 million response to Congress's challenge that they reach into the ghettos and the hollows. The objective was the enrollment of 2 million boys, raising the total to 6.5 million, one out of every three boys in America. Alden G. Barber, Iron Duke of the BSA, Inc., only the fourth chief Scout executive in history, enjoyed the credit he received as the architect of Boypower '76. Until recently.

The gimmick was up when all America learned through the Chicago *Tribune* that Boypower '76 was a fraud and a bust. Perhaps as many as 50 percent of the 87,000 Chicago Scouts were phantom, the *Tribune* revealed. The federal government pays the dues of inner-city blacks and Latins. The Chicago Scout Council has received $341,000 in federal funds during the last four years for more than 40,000 poor kids. The more padding of membership, the more federal funds illgotten. Insiders say there was great pressure to recruit to meet the Iron Duke's

quota. The scandal deepened. At least 10 councils are being probed. Memberships were faked in Detroit, Fort Worth, Tulsa and Sacramento. In Detroit five staffers were fired and two resigned for their fakery; in Fort Worth officials declined to say how many were fired but acknowledged fakery; in Tulsa 2,000 phantoms were revealed and in Sacramento 3,829 phantoms were discovered and six professionals were fired. Curiously, the executive in charge of Sacramento wasn't terminated but was promoted to a higher post in Texas. (He has since retired.) The Sacramento firings came in late 1971 and early 1972 but were covered up. "If we were in the business of covering it up," Barber declared in the aftermath, "it could be the Watergate of the Boy Scouts." Well, if Watergate weren't so serious, this would be Watergate.

Had the scandal not surfaced, there still was opportunity to see that today's "record enrollment" of 5 million is just another way of doing bookkeeping. The average life span of a Scout is slightly more than one year. It's a revolving turnstile. The subscription list to *Boy's Life* magazine is a good indicator. It turns over about every 15 months. Every year the list includes 2.25 million brand-new kids.

Who are these overlords who play tricks with numbers and who no longer charm their charges? The empire is supervised by 145 officers and executive board members who hold an annual meeting, roughly equal to a stockholders meeting, in a place like Hawaii. Barber, of course, is one. So is Arch Monson Jr., the fibber. The remaining names comprise in the strictest sense an Aryan *Who's Who.* One of the choicest is Thomas J. Watson Jr., board chairman of IBM Corp., whose unilateral edict a few years ago required that all IBM execs on the planet cease wearing nonwhite shirts and voguish wide ties.

It is all right to stop wondering why they have never been able to sell the program in the inner city. The overlords couple in perpetuity with a most venal American establishment, forming a shameless beast with two backs. The overlords command the Heights of Americana and there, below, is Valley Forge. The BSA, Inc. has an equity in the American establishment and vice versa. This is an example of how it works: the United Way of America, a.k.a. the United Fund, is the largest Scout contributor, providing slightly more than half the $115 million annual budget. The United Way uses the Scouts as a major selling point of their own. But that is now being reconsidered. In fact, in Newark, only about 30 miles north of headquarters, the Robert Treat Council of the BSA, Inc. was given a firm "no" by the United Way last year. Why support a WASP trip, the argument went. Why not put the money into playgrounds? The BSA, Inc. is in the deepest financial hole in its history. The 434 councils, with operating budgets of $100 million, have an $8.5 million deficit, and the national office, with a budget of nearly $15 million, ran a $550,000 debt last year, another fiscal first. Moreover, the 1973 jamborees ran a $498,000 deficit. Earnings come mainly from the $50 million a year trade in the BSA, Inc. trademark. It involves nearly 7,000 separate items: uniforms, supplies and other paraphernalia franchised through some 3,500 outlets, mostly department stores carefully selected for their amount of foot traffic.

The margin of profit, according to Barber, is about 10 percent, an obscene figure when compared to, say, A & P's .07 percent. Other important earnings come from advertising revenues of the three periodicals: *Boy's Life* (20th in circulation nationally), *Scouting* magazine and *Explorer* magazine, with a combined circulation of more than 4 million. Some 1,000 men and women at the national office carry out this rather big business, handling a reported 1,500 phone calls a day and a million pieces of mail a month. (Padded figures?)

Memberships were faked in Chicago, Detroit, Fort Worth, Tulsa and Sacramento

Because the BSA, Inc. is chartered as a nonprofit organization, its real estate traditionally has been tax exempt. It does, however, pay taxes on the three warehouses that store trademark items. Can you imagine what the property taxes on 140,000 acres of land across the U. S. could be? It is well that the BSA, Inc. doesn't have to pay taxes on its real estate, what with present conditions. The outfit might have to rent out—Heaven forbid—its 800 or so Scout camps, which are used only about six weeks a year. (The Girl Scouts of America, Inc., a separate movement, permits outsiders to use their land.) Unfortunately for the Girl Scouts, they are being co-opted by the BSA, Inc. through the new coed explorer division. The BSA, Inc. maintains four "high adventure" bases in Maine, Wisconsin, Minnesota and the largest of all, the 137,493-acre Philmont Scout Ranch and Explorer Base at Cimarron, New Mexico, which covers an area about one-fourth the size of Rhode Island.

Philmont is a gift of petroleum heir Waite Phillips, who offered the land in 1936, along with a Tulsa office building whose revenues finance the ranch. It is suspected that oil is under Philmont. Gold is mined there on a royalty basis and a sizable lumbering operation existed until a Texas conservationist, John Lott, expanded the consciousness of the BSA, Inc. with dramatic photos of the denuding. One night last fall at dinner, Randolph Scott Jr., a personable, articulate token black at the national office, offered this comment: "The continuing purposes of the BSA are to serve as the anchor points around which we build our lives. The question is, does the methodology blend into these anchor points? That's what we're thrusting at. That's the question." And now we know the answer. Which is that the BSA, Inc. should be run out of town. Impeached. Auto da fé'd. And their lying, thieving, grease-sucking weasels should find honest work. And Scout's Honor, I mean it.

The morning after my dinner with Scott, I returned to the North Brunswick grounds, 118 acres of greenwood and maples, and entered the Johnston Historical Museum, the largest collection of Scout memorabilia ever assembled. Scout motion pictures are shown in the museum's theater. There is a considerable library. My old troop, Troop 12 in Somerville, Mass., is no longer chartered, I learned. Like Baden-Powell, the sheepshank hitch and the creation of fire with flint and steel, it is history. It is yesterday. If you want, you can push a button and see slides of hundreds of Baden-Powell's own pen-and-ink drawings, including detailed schematics of his rout of the Boers.

In a corner, in a grotto, surrounded by his own memorabilia, behind a mahogany desk, in repose, sits Robert Stephenson Smyth Ward Baden-Powell himself. He stares at his desk top. A common yellow pencil is poised in his right hand and he is copying something (there was nothing on the desk) onto a piece of paper held in his right hand. It is the creation of Madame Tussaud's of London and is, according to a plaque, the only figure ever made by them for exhibit in the U.S.A. Specifications and details for the likeness were obtained from the chief Scout of the world before his death in 1941.

The BSA, Inc. claims that the museum attracts 50,000 visitors annually. But my footsteps echoed through silent rooms. (I didn't know about padding then.) On the midweek morning of my visit, there was just me and the dummy, both mute, in awe of it all, winking at each other. ●

Prescription payola

To many doctors, a prescription slip is like a trading stamp—another step toward a color television set, an upright freezer . . . or your premature death

By Amanda Spake

Last year, 66-year-old Eleanor Hill complained to her doctor that her hands and feet were always cold. During a regular checkup, her doctor prescribed Ethaquin, a muscle relaxant made by the B.F. Ascher pharmaceutical company. The doctor told Ms. Hill that she should take the drug three times a day for six months to relieve any numbness in her hands and feet. As she left his office, the doctor noted Ms. Hill's name, symptoms and date in the orange plastic "Ethaquin Clinical Evaluation" notebook given to him by the drug company's salesman.

Eleanor Hill didn't know it, but her six-month prescription for Ethaquin was helping her doctor win a G.E. portable, black-and-white television set. The Ascher Company promised the television to the doctor as soon as the orange notebook was filled and 50 patients were using the drug. This doctor prescribed enough Ethaquin to get his television within three months.

Eleanor Hill and the doctor's 49 other patients who received the drug will never really know if they should have taken Ethaquin. Ethaquin is one of hundreds of muscle relaxants on the market, and the primary source of information on all of them flows from the pharmaceutical manufacturers themselves. Inducements like the television sets offered by Ascher are one way a drug firm makes the choices between these identical compounds more clear for some physicians.

In fact, there are 20,000 trade names used by the drug firms for only 700 different pharmaceutical compounds. Faced with trying to sell the same thing over and over again under different names and at different prices, the manufacturers hit on the idea of buying off doctors. Physicians are becoming medical frontmen for the big-time pushers in America today, the pharmaceutical houses.

Last year, the industry spent an estimated $5,000 each on the nation's 200,000 doctors, all in the hopes of convincing the physicians to prescribe drugs, and more of them. Through a massive sales force, 2 billion free samples, valuable gifts, tours, holiday trips and both mail and medical journal advertising, the companies spent $1 billion on the doctors. The investment paid off. The industry saw a $6 billion return in drug sales, averaging $30,000 worth of prescription drugs per doctor.

Pfizer Laboratories initiated a gift program for physicians in 1973, when the company locked horns with Lederle Laboratories in a struggle to sell Diplovax, Pfizer's polio vaccine. To push its version of the drug, Pfizer offered doctors a physician's bag or a cassette tape recorder if they ordered and administered 250 doses of Diplovax to their patients. The doctor who ordered double that amount received a Craig electronic calculator from Pfizer, and the lucky physicians who pulled out the stops and bought 1,000 doses of Diplovax received upright freezers.

Pfizer salesmen who successfully convinced these doctors to buy Diplovax did not go away empty-handed, according to testimony before the U.S. Senate Health Subcommittee. The salesmen received their choice of prime steaks, based upon the amount of Diplovax physicians in their territories ordered. For 1,000 doses sold, the salesmen walked away with six 11-ounce, one-and-one-eighth-inch fillet mignon or boneless strip steaks; 2,500 doses equaled 20 steaks.

A former Pfizer Laboratories' salesman, or detailman, remembers a similar program the company used in 1971. "We had different prizes," he said. "We had a bonus point system for doctors, with prizes of color televisions and stereo sets." Under the bonus point plan, a doctor accumulates points, like Green Stamps, for ordering drugs from the pharmaceutical company for patients. When he chalks up sufficient points, the doctor chooses gifts from a catalog carried by the firm's detailmen. "In the program I was concerned with," the former salesman continued, "prizes might also be a fishing rod; could be a portable television; could be golf balls or golf shoes, prizes of that nature." To promote its vitamins, Parke Davis operates a similar program offering prizes from Cartier.

Ascher's Ethaquin "evaluation" was not the company's only attempt to buy their way onto physicians' prescription pads. This fiscal year, the company is heavily promoting its injectable products. Prizes begin with Sony desk radios for an order of 24 vials of vitamins or other injectables and escalate to a Bulova "Golden Girl" watch for 96 vials, a "Count" Pool Table for 240 vials or a Litton Microwave Oven for 288 vials. Physicians have the option of looking through a notebook with color photographs of watches, stereos and clock radios before deciding how many injectable products to order.

Since it's unlikely a physician could convince the Internal Revenue Service the "Count" Pool Table was a business-related gift for his office, Ascher provides willing doctors a tax shelter. These gifts are not listed on company invoices, according to a former Ascher representative, and there is no record that the valuable prizes were ever awarded.

Dr. David Baeder, a professor of

ILLUSTRATION BY MELINDA BORDELON

pharmacology at the University of Missouri medical school in Kansas City and an Ascher employee, denied the company gave these gifts. "We have never done that," Dr. Baeder said. "Oh, well, a couple of years ago, we gave rain bonnets to the girls in the offices, but nothing else. We at Ascher are trying to do the ethical thing in an ethical field." The former Ascher salesman says the company has given such gifts throughout its existence.

Some pharmaceutical houses give only medically oriented gifts, which the companies consider more respectable than televisions, freezers and tape recorders. Eli Lilly, for example, one of the largest drug firms in the country, gives new medical students stethoscopes, medical hammers and tuning forks at different points in the medical school curriculum. Russ Durbin, speaking for Eli Lilly, said the company never gave items for physicians' homes or valuable presents. "I can state flatly we don't believe in that," Durbin said. "Things of significant value, expensive gifts, we oppose." Lilly does, however, give fully equipped leather physicians' bags to graduating medical students worth a significant $200 to $300.

A Washington, D.C., internist, who received one of Lilly's bags, criticized the practice. "Sure, I accepted the physician's bag from Lilly when I graduated from Stanford. After five years of paying for medical school, anything I could get that I didn't have to buy to go into practice was great," she says. "Now I wouldn't accept it. I'm much more aware of the system that comes with it."

Martin C. Shargel is a 35-year-old doctor in Silver Spring, Maryland. Several years ago, Shargel and his wife took a vacation to New York City. They stayed at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, wined and dined at the city's most expensive restaurants and went to all the Broadway shows they could cram into their visit. At the end of the trip, the Shargels toured the Pearl River, New York, factory of Lederle Laboratories. At the plant, they saw Lederle's facilities and were loaded down with drug samples and gifts. Lederle graciously invited them back and picked up the tab for the entire New York holiday.

Dr. Shargel's vacation, which he now feels smacked of bribery, is not unique. When the doctor described the trip to Senate investigators looking into the promotional practices of these companies, he was trounced by other physicians for "turning fink" and by the press for being "on the take." The Lederle tour, however, is one of the more popular ones of the 31,000 offered each year by pharmaceutical firms.

"A lot of doctors have been on the tours," a current detailman for Lederle says. "The theme of the weekend *is* the plant. But they might not come without the trip to New York City. In fact, just the other day, a doctor said to me, 'I went on the tour and I sure would like to go up there again and show my wife.' They set them up pretty well, you know, at the Waldorf, all expenses paid."

In addition to the factory tours, the companies offer "symposiums" in vacation resorts at special, reduced rates. McKesson Laboratories sponsors one of these seminars on infectious diseases. The drug firm sends out a glossy brochure picturing the Princess Hotel with its golf and beach club in Southhampton, Bermuda. The physician and spouse can get five nights and six days on infectious diseases, complete with fashion and dinner shows, food and hotel accommodations, for only $295. Air transportation is generously provided by McKesson Labs, which makes a number of antibiotics featured at the symposium for treatment of infectious diseases. A "rum swizzle party," hosted by McKesson, leads off the seminar and at the end doctors receive a "certificate of attendance," courtesy of McKesson. For the physician, it's all tax deductible. The Bermuda seminar comes under the category of a business expense.

Last year, the pharmaceutical industry spent $5,000 each on the nation's 200,000 doctors to convince them to prescribe drugs, and more of them

"These things are only an attraction to promote drugs," says one doctor who has received a number of these brochures. "Sometimes they have really impeccable medical people as well as the vacation. Sometimes they don't. There's always another 'Gonorrhea Luau' in Hawaii."

The drug houses also supply an endless number of company-stamped note pads, pens, rain bonnets, urine specimen bottles, paperweights with the intestinal track imprinted on them and more. Abbott Laboratories decided to go one step further than memo pads when it launched a new sleeping pill, Placidyl. The company gave physicians Peggy Lee record albums, including a message from the entertainer herself: "Dear Doctor: For an entertainer applause is a very personal and immediate sign of appreciation, so this album is my way of applauding you in the medical profession. It is a special album that we have worked out with Abbott Laboratories. . . . With thanks for all you have done, Peggy Lee." On the back of the album Abbott stamped, "Placidyl, when sleep is a part of therapy."

The key to this lavish hype is the drug companies' detailmen. These are the firms' representatives who set up the factory tours, give freezers and note pads and provide doctors with much of the information they receive on prescription drugs. A study of doctors done at the University of Chicago, quoted by the American Medical Association, shows that the first source of new information on drugs comes to physicians through the detailmen. The drug companies' advertising is the next source.

When doctors need a reference book on drugs, 89 percent, according to a recent survey by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration, use the *Physicians Desk Reference.* The book is updated each year to include both new and old drugs on the market. The drug houses write the copy and pay a subsidiary of Litton Industries $3 million a year to print it and mail it out to physicians, free of charge, of course. The book contains the same information provided by the detailmen.

The salesmen estimate they get about five minutes of a physician's time to both promote their companies' products and describe drug side effects. The pharmaceutical houses stress promotion to their staffs. Ben Wasserman, a former detailman for Merck, Sharp and Dohme, explained the position of the sales force. "There is a gospel to be spread, there is a mission to fulfill. It can only be achieved by increasing the number of prescriptions to be written for the products being promoted, and that means the rallying cry is 'sell, sell.' "

One effective way detailmen get physicians to write prescriptions for drugs is to simply write the prescriptions for them. All companies use pre-printed prescription pads which they leave with physicians. "Maybe a doctor is lazy and we provide him with the pads. All he has to do is sign it," the Lederle detailman explains. "If the doctor is a heavy prescriber, we'll even print them for him with his signature on them if he wants."

Hoffmann-La Roche Laboratories hit on a better tactic than pre-printed prescription pads for selling a drug to treat urinary tract infections. Roche practically gave the prescriptions to patients for phy-

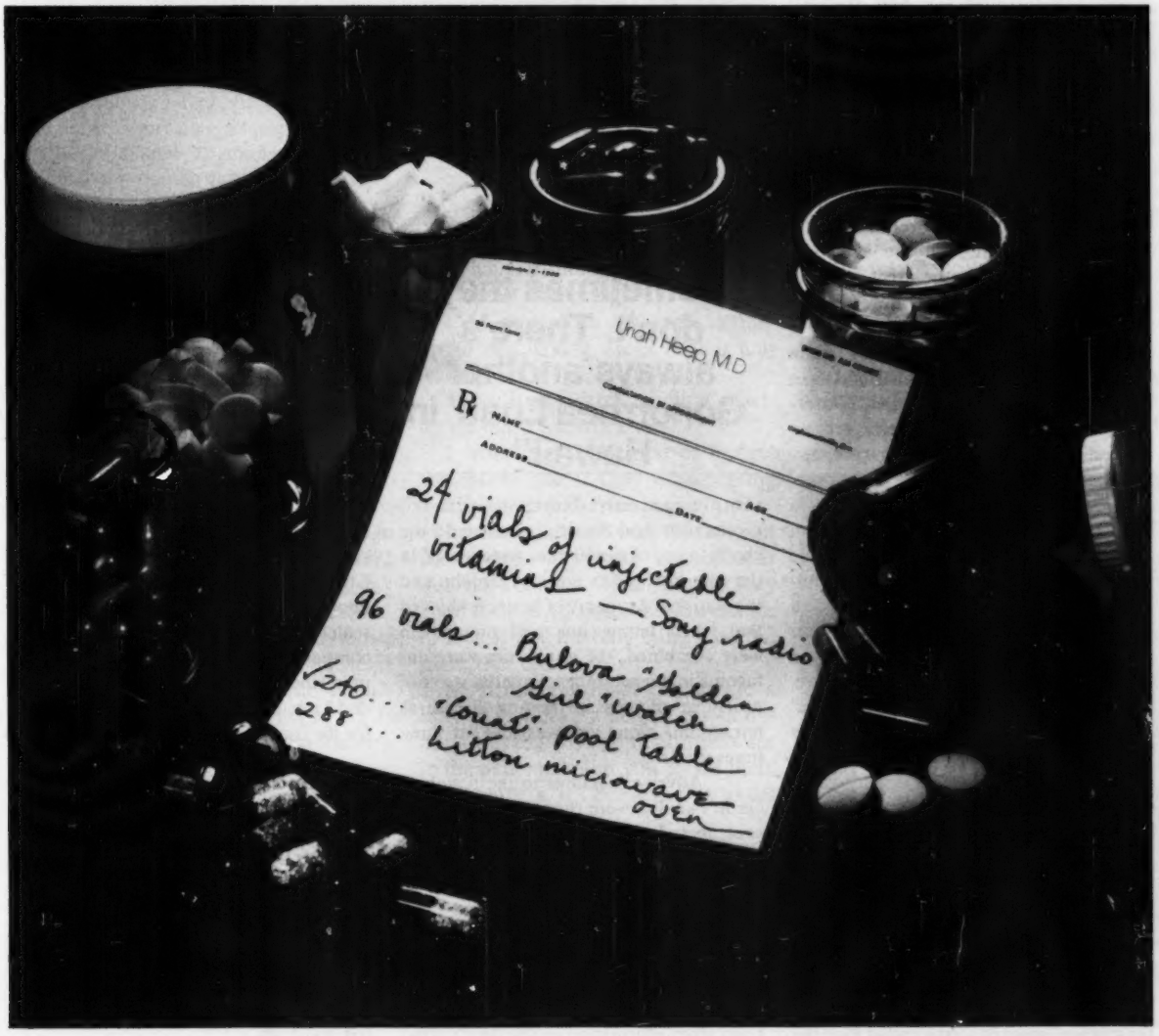
sicians. "One of the methods we have used in detailing Bactrim," Robert Clark, Roche's vice-president, admitted, "is that we will ask a doctor if, particularly after we have given him the presentation, he expects to see a patient during the day for whom Bactrim might be suitable. If he says yes, we will then ask if we could put a prescription in that patient's file." The physician becomes a conduit for the company. When the patient arrives, the Bactrim prescription is ready, courtesy of Roche.

The effect of all this doctor-buying on the patient/consumer is immense. Abbott makes a drug called Erthrocin, which is wholesale priced at $14.99 for packages of 100 250-mg. tablets. The drug is an antibiotic called erthromycin, and latest available figures show Erthrocin produced $25,737,000 for Abbott in 1972. The same drug, erthromycin, sold by Bristol-Myers as Bristamycin, costs only $9.95 wholesale but brought only $1,880,000 in revenues in 1972. Abbott employs nearly 100 more detailmen to push their drugs than does Bristol-Myers. The companies don't engage in price competition, they engage in promotional competition.

Patients don't merely pay for gifts and trips with overpriced prescriptions at the pharmacy. They pay with their lives as well. Dr. Robert Talley, president of the San Joaquin Foundation for Medical Care in California, estimates that deaths from adverse drug reactions run between 30,000 and 160,000 a year. Talley's foundation has started several successful drug monitoring programs in California which incorporate physicians' reviews of prescribing habits. Talley believed that the lower 30,000 figure was accurate until two hospital studies of adverse drug reactions emerged, one from Boston and another from Florida. These studies indicated, nationwide, that deaths from mis-prescribed prescription drugs could climb to 160,000. If that figure is accurate, prescription drugs would be the fourth-largest killer in the country, behind only heart disease, cancer and stroke.

Dr. William Barclay, vice-president of the American Medical Association, thinks the 160,000 drug death figure is preposterous. Through advertising in its various medical journals, the AMA picks up about $9 million a year, one-fourth of the association's budget, from the drug firms. "Pharmaceutical products are the most important part of medical practice today," Barclay argues. While Barclay is impressed with Talley's work, he feels the California doctor's estimate is too high. "We don't have any data on it ourselves," Barclay says, "and even if we developed it, I don't know what we'd do with it." Since physicians prescribe $6 billion worth of drugs a year, the number of serious, adverse reactions to those drugs would seem to be of interest to the AMA.

Talley feels the statistics are not as important as the fact that people are dying from the drugs manufacturers promote and doctors prescribe. "We don't have hard data either," Talley stresses. "It's an



PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE COOPER

estimate. But whether it's 30,000 or 160,000 lives, the problem is the delivery of drugs to patients in this society."

One of the most widely abused ways drugs are delivered to patients is through pharmaceutical company samples. The major firms distributed 2 billion free drug samples last year for doctors to pass along to their patients. Most were given to the detailmen to circulate. The Lederle detailman I spoke with had cartons of drugs around his office in his home. Worse yet, many companies mail them to physicians' houses (from the AMA's membership list, which the association sells), where children could easily open them.

Librium and Valium, both tranquilizers made by Hoffmann-La Roche, were the first and third best selling drugs in the nation last year. Roche handed out 13,000,000 free capsules of Librium and 30,500,000 tablets of Valium. Dr. Paul Lowinger, a psychiatrist from Detroit's Wayne State University who received what he calls a "several hundred dollar veiled bribe" from Roche when he was studying both drugs, has become disenchanted with the company's sampling policies. Lowinger believes that only about one-half of the 215 million prescriptions written annually for mind-altering drugs are necessary. "One-half of the 8 million amphetamine pills produced in 1971," Lowinger points out, "were somehow lost and found their way to the street or illegal market." Millions of these were distributed as drug company samples.

Doctors have been known to trade in their samples to friendly pharmacists in exchange for personal items. Ben Wasserman, former detailman for Merck, tells an interesting tale from his drug company days. "One physician told me he had several poor patients who could not afford to buy their medication. I therefore gave him a generous supply of those products he said those patients were taking. The following day I saw the very same physician walk into one of my pharmacy accounts with two shopping bags filled with the samples I'd given him. In return for these, there was a bottle of cologne for his wife." The companies themselves maintain that this practice is rare, since most samples are stamped and distributed in smaller packages. The firms send out thousands of "stock bottles" to physicians, however, packages identical to those sold at the pharmacy. If the physician trades these in, the druggist merely resells them.

Can the nation's physicians actually be convinced to prescribe bad drugs by this barrage of advertising, free stereos, trips and samples? One need only look at the strange career of a drug called Panalba for the frightening answer.

Panalba was made, sold and highly promoted by the Upjohn Company throughout the 1960s until the Food and Drug Administration pulled it off the market in late 1969. Panalba was a fixed combination antibiotic, which means it contained two different drugs. It combined the relatively safe, commonly used antibiotic tetracycline and another, novobiocin. Reactions to novobiocin alone ranged from skin rash in 20 percent of the patients using it, to jaundice in 22 percent, to blood disease in about 1 percent. In 1968 Upjohn was able to sell only $200,000 worth of novobiocin, since its side effects were widely known.

Despite the serious risks associated with prescribing this lackluster antibiotic, the combined drug, Panalba, became an instant success. Beginning in 1961, Upjohn introduced it through the standard sample-journal-advertising-gift-trip mechanism, and the drug climbed on the charts to one of the 50 most widely used in the country. Studies done by Upjohn and the National Academy of Sciences showed that when tetracycline and novobiocin were combined, the antibiotics were antagonistic to each other. Panalba was not nearly so effective in treating disease as tetracycline alone and was sold for three times the price.

All-expenses-paid medicial symposiums, says one doctor, "sometimes have really impeccable medical people. Sometimes they don't. There's always another 'Gonorrhea Luau' in Hawaii"

Adverse reactions to the novobiocin in Panalba were running over 20 percent, including eight deaths reported to Upjohn. Since 47,500,000 people received this antibiotic during the drug's career, about 950,000 experienced adverse drug reactions from Panalba alone. Sales for the drug continued to rise and in 1968, the same year novobiocin made such a poor showing, Panalba peaked at $25 million. Even after information on the drug's gross ineffectiveness surfaced, Panalba still brought Upjohn $16,860,000 in revenues.

Upjohn was not about to give this up without a fight. When the Food and Drug Administration moved to outlaw all fixed combination antibiotics, Upjohn joined with Squibb, which was promoting Mysteclin-F, one of its big-selling, ineffective combinations, to lean on physicians. The FDA received about 3,500 responses to their proposed ban of the drugs. Of these, 3,489 were testimonials from outraged physicians demanding the FDA take no action.

The government was disconcerted until the FDA noticed something peculiar about the letters. They all said the same thing. Doctors throughout the country had written identical letters. One doctor, who dutifully sent his letter of protest to the FDA, reconsidered, and later mailed in his detailman's memo on the subject: "Dear Doctor Dawson: Hope the enclosed letter is satisfactory for your signature."

Senator Edward Kennedy (D-Mass.) has introduced legislation that would pull in the reins on drug pushing by the pharmaceutical firms. His bill, Senate 3341, bans gifts and premiums, curtails massive sampling, provides for the training and licensing of detailmen and gives funds to medical schools for educating doctors in pharmacology. Importantly, the bill would provide a yearly, updated compendium of prescription drugs, including prices and side effects. The compendium would be written by pharmacologists and funded by the government, not the pharmaceutical companies.

Meanwhile, the prescription hustlers moved in on the American Psychiatric Association's annual meeting in Detroit last month. Hoffmann-La Roche was there, giving out even more samples of Valium tranquilizers. Abbott Laboratories promoted its Peggy Lee/Placidyl sleeping pill. Pfizer showed free Charlie Chaplin movies to entertain the doctors at noon. But one of the bigger drug deals was sealed by the Ciba-Geigy pharmaceutical company, maker of a number of widely prescribed amphetamines, tranquilizers and "anti-psychotics," and a heavy pusher for the use of these drugs in children.

Geigy paid for a key seminar at the conference entitled, interestingly enough, "Ethical Issues in Contemporary Psychiatry." Geigy's $3,500 check to cover the seminar was made out to the Harvard Medical School. The lead speaker, Gerald Klerman, was a Harvard doctor. Dr. Klerman took the floor and spoke eloquently on the topic "Is the U.S. an Over-Medicated Society?"

The Harvard doctor concluded that it was not. ●

Half the fun of writing this critique was becoming totally immersed in the subject matter.

BY REX REED

THE ASSIGNMENT was the same as hundreds of others I've had in the past. I was to write a critical evaluation on a given subject.

As always, I would have to first get to know my subject by soaking up as much information as possible about it. I knew this wouldn't be too difficult because this time my subject was Teacher's Scotch.

I've reviewed hundreds of movies and interviewed hundreds of stars in the last few years. Recently, I went through three galaxies of them for my new book, *People Are Crazy Here.*

I usually like to get to know my subject over a few drinks. It helps break the ice. And loosen the tongue.

So, that's what I decided to do. Is there a better way to get to know a scotch than over a few drinks?

I was at an advantage this time. Teacher's wasn't a total stranger.

Our first meeting took place at an opening night party in Beverly Hills. Beverly Hills, by the way, is the only place in the world where the police have an unlisted phone number.

I forget the name of the movie that opened that night. A lot of people must have. Because that night we also celebrated its closing.

I do remember someone coming up to me, giving me a scotch and leaving.

There I was, drinking alone. Critics do that a lot you know.

I wondered what kind of budget the movie had if they were serving scotch instead of champagne.

I consoled myself with the fact that the scotch they were serving was Teacher's Scotch. That showed very good taste in my opinion. As a matter of fact, it was the only thing I saw all night that did.

Most opening night parties are a bore. I go because people say things at parties that you don't normally see in the papers. And if you do see them in the papers, it's because I go to the parties.

I spent most of the night observing people. You can tell a lot from the way a person holds a scotch glass.

Most people at Hollywood parties use the classic four finger hold and nurse their scotch. I think this is fitting. I've always considered Hollywood an artificial nursery.

Anyway, back to the subject at hand. What I think of Teacher's Scotch.

When the Teacher's people gave me the assignment of writing this critique, they also gave me a bottle of their scotch for research.

We were to have our own little opening night party.

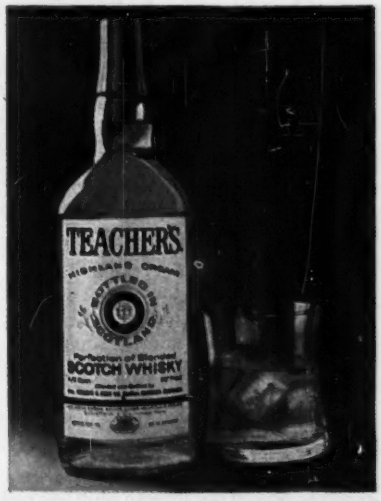
Once again, I was drinking alone. I poured the first drink. I liked it.

I then proceeded to drink it straight, on the rocks, I even tried it with a twist. I tried it with water, soda. I even tried one in an oversized wine glass... veddy British.

I don't generally like the idea of awards but if they ever give one for best performance as a scotch, Teacher's should get it. It also produces great technical effects. And even Technicolor couldn't improve on the way it looks.

I've always said, I write what I see, sense, smell and taste. And that's exactly what I did here.

You might say that while writing this critique, there wasn't a moment when I wasn't completely absorbed in my work.



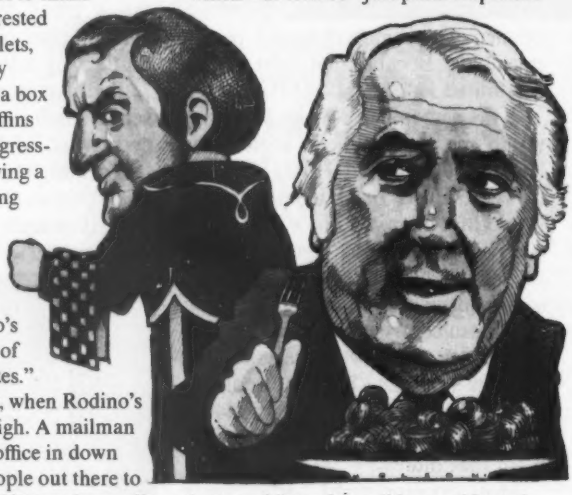
No scotch improves the flavour of water like Teacher's.

86 Proof Scotch Whisky Blended and Bottled in Scotland by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd. © Schieffelin & Co., N.Y., Importers

Kissing the home folks goodbye

Newark, N.J.—Shoppers at the Pathmark supermarket on Mt. Prospect Avenue in Newark's mostly Italian North Ward aren't impressed by the figure moving briskly down the aisles, trailed by a pack of TV and radio newspeople.

In his own neighborhood, on one of the trips home that have become rare and rushed since the Watergate hearings began, Peter W. Rodino Jr., New Jersey congressman and chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, isn't coming across. One woman Rodino tries to shake hands with is more interested in checking the veal cutlets, another man is suddenly poring over the label on a box of Thomas' English muffins rather than face his congressman. A clerk, after shoving a TV cameraman blocking access to the display case where he has to stack containers of Dannon strawberry yogurt, refers to Rodino's party as "four-sevenths of Snow White's roommates."



All this, strangely, when Rodino's *national* popularity is high. A mailman who services Rodino's office in down town Newark wants people out there to *stop* sending in cards and letters demanding impeachment, because he's "getting a dire hernia humping mail sacks." Up on Grafton Avenue, where Rodino lives with his family in a lovely home, a cop who cruises the area says that lately he sees a lot of strange cars around. "Nowadays," says the officer, "any halfway distinguished and Italian-looking gent on the street, he gets big waves, smiles and lots of horn-honking. So you end up with Mob bagmen under the impression that they're finally getting the respect they deserve in this neighborhood."

Yet whatever Rodino's national image, he hasn't exactly built up a backlog of honor in his native land. Neighborhood disenchantment with Rodino, whose 24-year congressional career had until recently been distinguished only by his sponsorship of Columbus Day as a national holiday, began with the '72 primary. His district had been redrawn to include heavily black areas, and on election day Rodino was hurting since black voters were solidly behind a black opponent. The only thing that saved him was a cozily timed Jersey Supreme Court decision a week before the primary, allowing crossover voting in primaries, which was termed "just plain suspicious but sneakily welcome" by one Newark Republican committeeman. So Newark's white Republicans became Democrats voting white for a day.

After the election, Rodino, amazingly enough, went around attributing his win to the "firm support" he'd gotten from black voters. That did not sit well with the district's Italian-American voters, who for years have been struggling with blacks for political control of Newark. As the Republican committeeman says, "It pissed a lot of us off who'd dumped our own candidate to never get thanked by the creep for it. We would have voted for Bugs Bunny to stop the other guy." Moreover, in '73, when Rodino's North Ward was nearly torn apart for good by a dispute over the construction of a low-income apartment development, the congressman was the only major politician in the area not to take a stand on the issue. That didn't sit well with anyone.

Rodino's latest bouquet to his longtime Italian-American constituents of the North Ward was his recent decision to desert them altogether. Supposedly at his personal and dire behest, Democratic leaders in the Jersey legislature set up a congressional redistricting plan for '76—which will make Rodino's district even more soulful than at present. Rodino will then move into a new white district, created especially for him in suburban Bergen County, which he's never before represented in his life, thus presenting his old stamping grounds with their first guaranteed black congressman.

The Italians, whom Rodino has lately been milking for favorable copy by proclaiming how much he loves and understands his old neighborhood, hardly appreciate Jersey getting its first black congressman over their protests and uncertainties. Around the North Ward these days, the bitterness is palpable. In Calandra's pastry shop, heavy with the aroma of cannoli and sfogliatelle, a baker stacking cream cakes mutters "the prick" at customers talking among themselves about Rodino's plans for moving. A kid barely voting age, waiting to buy two loaves of their special wholewheat Italian bread, calls the congressman "a dirty cabozzele (baked sheep's head) not worth the eating." At a nearby shop where hot and sweet sausage is made daily and the area behind the counter is ankle-deep in discarded casings and pork blood, the proprietor shakes his head and moans, "If he moves out, I guarantee I'll never send him any more free sausage." And at the Circolo Progressivo Caposelese, a

Illustrations by Bill Nelson

storefront social club, a donnish gentleman barely looks up from his gin hand as he says sadly, "I used to love my congressman. *Love* the man. But not if he's afraid to stay by my side."

—By Richard R. Szathmary

Big time in the boonies

Marion, Alabama—"You just make out like it's snow out there, then it's perfect for you," says Terry Henley, running back for the Birmingham Americans of the World Football League. Terry sits uncomfortably in a light folding chair in the Bachelor Officers Quarters on the Marion Military Institute campus, crosses and uncrosses his long legs and gulps down another glass of ice-cold Gator Ade. "It makes you feel like an egg over light," he says, and stands and opens the refrigerator.

Outside, it's white-hot—95 degrees—and the football fields where the team has just finished practice are baking in the late afternoon sun. Across the yard-line stripes, waves of heat ride up and down and from a distance look like cymbals crashing together.

"We've been here since the second of June," says Terry, cracking a smile. "We're living over there in a cave we all hibernate in. I've been getting a tan just laying there at night, it's so hot."

Terry Henley is one of 60 players left in this heat out of the 90 who came here to the Birmingham Americans training camp to try out for the team. Already a local Alabama sports hero from his undergraduate days at Auburn University, Henley was voted Most Valuable Back in the South Eastern Conference in 1972, and was drafted by the Atlanta Falcons.

"I was the last running back they cut," he says, standing up restlessly. He needs a shave. "Now this new league gives me a chance to redeem myself and show I can play. And I guess you could say I'm like country music—I'm here to stay."

Staying here, however, has been the real test for Henley and the other players. The Americans begin their regular season play on July 10 in a night game against the Southern California Sun in the blast-furnace heat of Birmingham's Legion Field. Without pre-season exhibition games, the coaches are totally dependent on training camp to size up their team, and they have kept the schedule at Marion tough.

Henley and the players get paid their bonuses plus $5 a day. They sleep in unair-conditioned dormitories and practice for an hour and a half every morning at 9:00, and again at 4:00 in the afternoon. There's a nightly meeting at 7:30 and curfew at 11:00. In between, they are free to enjoy the deserted streets of tiny Marion (pop. 4,500) or the dusty farm-to-market roads that connect the town with the surrounding beef-cattle and cotton-farming country.

It's an unlikely setting for the training camp of a professional football team. That commercialized, mechanical aspect of the NFL, which has made even the water boys look full-sprung from a computer program, seems a safe distance away. Locals report that Marion's economy has gone up 150 percent since the team arrived. But tractors still slow down traffic and create bottlenecks on the highways as they move from pasture to pasture and children ride aimlessly on their horses across the Marion Institute campus. Alongside the practice fields, sun-bleached farmers in white short-sleeve shirts with toothpicks stuck in their mouths mingle with young insurance and car salesmen in their bright doubleknit suits and white shoes. Young black and white girls in miniskirts and short-shorts sit on the hoods of cars and wave to players minding tackles, punts and passes. Little boys in long-beaked baseball caps dart between the spectators, autograph books in hand. This is the dry, flat area of Alabama's Black Belt. James Agee lived with tenant farmers 30 miles from here and wrote *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* about them. A civil-rights murder in Marion helped trigger Dr. King's great march from Selma to Montgomery. Two hours away, Birmingham waits for its Americans to get ready for the Sun.

"You don't have the night life to distract you here," says Henley, laughing. "They sold out of beer the first night we were in town."

He guns his car the few blocks to the College Inn to join a card game there with some of his teammates. The College Inn bar is called "The Alley." Crowded with professional football players jostling for bottles of beer, it seems two feet wide. Almost to a man, the players look like stiffs you'd pick for bodyguards on a dark night. They are all badly sunburned and it shows the most on their cheekbones and foreheads.

"This town has one beer joint and three football fields," says a veteran. He sits at the card table in the motel room adjoining the bar. "If it's got anything else going for it, I can't find it."

The room's air-conditioning cuts on and off, haphazardly, and though it isn't warm inside, there is the distinct sensation of being compressed. The sun has made a big heaping scrawl of light on the curtains and the players seem etched by it. Dressed in short pants, short-sleeve shirts, track shoes or rubber flip-flop sandals, they look very much like the old men card players Cezanne drew and if they stood, they would look like his bathers.

It seems fitting, finally, that they should be sweating out their dreams in this American summer dust.

"When you get football in you," says Terry, glancing up from his cards, "it's just like cancer, boy. It's hard to get it out. If they cut me this time, I'm gonna give 'em the finger."

—By Johnny Greene

Illustrations by Bill Nelson

CARLOS O.

In a world increasingly at ease with mediocrity, there are still places around where you can find good, old-fashioned, natural ice cream

La crème de la crème

If you had an ice-cream cone lately, chances are you helped yourself to a fat dose of dextrose, lactose, fructose, calcium hydroxide, algimate, polysorbate 65, propylene glycol, gum acacia and carboxymethylcellulose, plus a bit of plastic cream (concentrated milk fat) for good measure. FDA standards also permit the inclusion in ice cream of imitation flavors, antioxidants, neutralizers, buffers, bactericides, surfactants and artificial dyes. Then there are the stabilizers to achieve smoothness and the emulsifiers to control dryness and stiffness. Finally, there's air—sometimes as much air as ice cream.

And whatever happened to scoops? Nowadays, ice cream seems to come on a stick (usually without napkin), or from aluminum nozzles in precision doses—three ripples for a quarter, five and a half ripples for forty cents.

But all is not lost. Not yet. Among the 55 billion ice-cream cones consumed in the U.S. each year, there are still some that are made out of fresh cream and fresh eggs, and dished out of deep cardboard containers by the same people who made the ice cream to begin with.

It is impossible to say how many bastions of ice-cream perfection are left in the country—most everyone has a favorite spot—but *New Times* correspondents found a dozen of the very best. Herewith their selections:

ILLUSTRATION BY CARLOS OCHAGAVIA

Pat Mitchell's

Endicott, New York

Pat Mitchell's secret can't be the location or the decor. There's no place to park, no place to sit and the shop turns into Central Station when 15 people line up for scoops of vanilla, coffee, chocolate, strawberry, mocha chip, grapenut, blueberry, butter pecan, cheesecake, watermelon, cantaloupe, eggnog. . . .

Pat Mitchell shrugs his shoulders at the suggestion. What secret? It's real ingredients, no less than 14 percent butterfat and no air in the cream.

The corner store on the edge of the village of Endicott's shopping district is just up the Susquehanna River from Binghamton—at the crowded turnoff where East Main Street becomes a conglomeration of gasoline stations and shopping plazas. Devoid of decorations, the small interior is lined with freezers. In a corner are boxes of cantaloupes, shelled walnuts, chocolate bars and other real confections. Pat Mitchell's only ice-cream machine is almost constantly working. A five-gallon can is whipped up in seven minutes—every day of the week from noon to 10 p.m.

Petersen's Ice Cream Parlor

Marion, Massachusetts

Open from May to October, Petersen's offers perhaps the best chocolate chip in the country, although a few habitués will argue strongly for the rich butter pecan and some of the other 20 or so flavors Viggo Petersen makes on the premises. He learned the recipes from his father, who started the business 54 years ago.

Catering to the summer crowd and packed on Friday nights during intermissions in the band concerts held on the green across the street, Petersen's has become a landmark of sorts in Marion, a post-card town near the entrance to Cape Cod.

Cones come in 25- and 35-cent sizes, and packed ice cream is sold over the counter in pints and quarts. In his down east accent, Viggo Petersen—"That's 'V' for 'vinegar.' If you've met me, you'd know"—says he's worried that the rising costs of cream and the select fruits and flavors he uses will force him to raise prices this year.

Petersen also says he's having trouble getting the rich, textured chocolate which, cut into big chunks, goes into the chocolate chip, his biggest seller for years.

But despite the supply problems, Petersen is happy to carry on his father's tradition. He continues to make each batch of ice cream himself in stainless steel vats behind the parlor. "As one of our competitors once put it," he says, "it's made as a chef would make it."

Bridgeman's

Minnesota

With specialty sundaes that belong on top of the all-time calory chart, Bridgeman's ice-cream stores have scooped out a reputation of legendary proportions. The Minneapolis-based dairy has nine corporate stores along with 18 franchises around the state. The best-known store is a fixture in Dinkytown, the neighborhood bordering the University of Minnesota.

Outstanding among Bridgeman's most famous gooey and tooth-destroying delights are the Turtle Sundae and the breed known as La-La-Paloozas. The Turtle is an overwhelming wealth of butterscotch and hot fudge drenching vanilla ice cream and accented with pecans. A La-La-Palooza includes eight flavors of ice cream, a dictionary of toppings and sweet shop fruit and whipped cream—it sells for $2.15, not including the week of compensatory dieting.

The crowning creation at Bridgeman's, however, is its hot fudge sundae, a lowly dish raised to elegance by a homemade hot fudge sauce. The recipe is top secret, but the result has been a favorite since World War II.

Antoinette's Sweets

Depew, New York

Transport yourself on Heavenly Hash (mixed ice cream, assorted fruits, whipped cream, raspberry sauce, bananas and nuts); lighten up with French Chocolate Nutty Nut (vanilla ice cream, French chocolate pudding, whipped cream and whole cashews).

And rest assured you're doing it naturally at Antoinette's Sweets, in the Buffalo suburb of Depew. Everything—ice cream, chocolates, fruit and fudge toppings, and, yes, real whipped cream—is made on the premises by the host Morphis family.

Prices range from $.65 for a regular sundae to $2.20 for a "super special." The average price of the more than 100 ice-cream dishes on the menu is about $1.00. Portions are generous, the shop itself clean and pleasant. Oh yeah, there's no smoking. Chocolate picks up odors.

C.C. Brown's

Hollywood, California

Just a few steps away from Grauman's Chinese Theater on Hollywood Boulevard, C.C. Brown's serves the richest, gooiest, most delicious hot fudge sundaes this side of heaven. In fact, Clarence Clifton Brown, the original proprietor, claims he invented the hot fudge sundae (and also hot caramel and hot golden mocha) when he opened up his old-fashioned parlor back in 1906.

Mr. Brown spent 20 years perfecting his sauce, and the recipe hasn't been changed since. Now John Schumacher, the current owner, whips up 500 pounds of the warm, mellow stuff every day. In a town where you can find such weird ice-cream flavors as peanut butter and jelly or bubble gum, Brown's sticks to a simple scoop of vanilla ice cream topped with real whipped cream (not the phony, aerosol can stuff) and scrumptious roasted almonds. The result is simply perfect.

The atmosphere is turn-of-the-century, with high-backed booths and English china plates, and friendly. This is the only place left on Hollywood Boulevard where you might still spot a celebrity spooning up any of several of Brown's mouthwatering confections. Marlon Brando likes his sundae with two scoops of mocha ice cream.

The Clover Room

Richmond, Virginia

Easily the best ice cream in Virginia—if not the world—is to be found at the Clover Room, which has been a Richmond tradition for decades.

Under its original management, the Clover Room had acquired renown not only for its ice cream but also for the WASP social impeccability of its clientele. Its succulent club sandwiches and enormous sundaes made it a favorite luncheon spot for society matrons and clubwomen. And a stop by the Clover Room for raucous ice-cream dates was a must for the pubescent socialites who attended the city's two "cotillions," or exclusive monthly dancing schools for children of the city's elite.

Now that it is under new management, one-time regulars have been heard to groan that their favorite spot has been "ruined." But one is led to suspect that they are complaining of a change in social atmosphere rather than in food, for to the oral-aggressive dairy gourmet the Clover Room is as much a sybaritic delight as ever—in fact, a little more, perhaps, since the new management has ended the barbaric practice of putting mayonnaise on the pastrami sandwiches.

But Clover Room food is at best a prelude to the ice cream: uniquely firm, rich, flavorful. The Clover Room is to ice cream what Green Bay once was to football: nothing fancy in conception, but ab-

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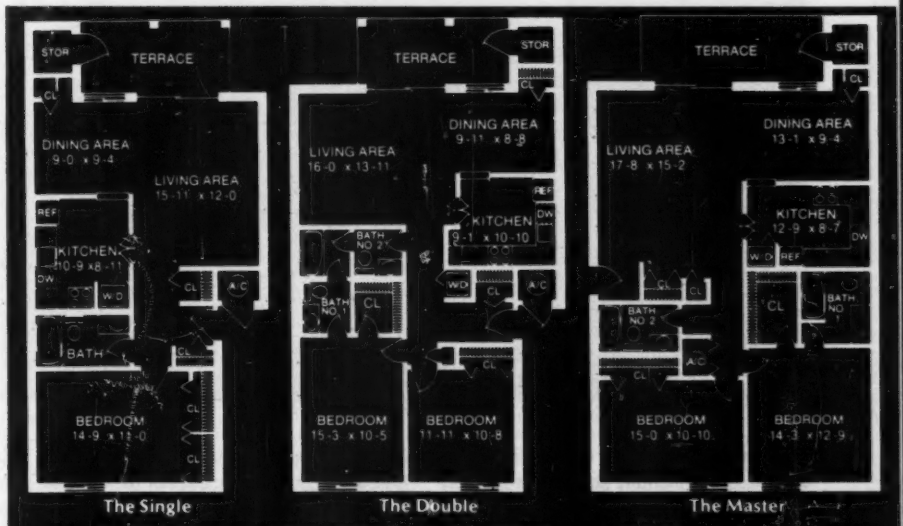

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COURTESY OF AGLAMESIS BROS.

Aglamesis Brothers in Cincinnati: marble from Portugal and ice cream from . . . real cream.

solutely unstoppable in execution. Favorites include chocolate ripple, butterscotch ripple and rum raisin. These may be eaten at the takeout counter. But for the sit-down customer, the Clover Room's nonpareil sundaes are a must. Served in fluted glass vases, they are infinitely startling in their layers of ice cream and syrup. For customers with time to kill, insanely thick frosted milkshakes can take up an entire idle afternoon.

In addition to superior ice cream, Richmond's longhair community has another reason to soothe its munchies at the Clover Room: good politics. It is owned by a prosperous Richmond family which has provided generous support for a whole host of liberal causes.

The Buffalo

Chicago, Illinois

From the cream-white soda fountain "engineers" up front to the well-mannered schoolboys who wait tables after school in the back, the watchword at the Buffalo ice-cream parlor is tradition. No 61 flavors, no vegetable extract dipped in mice turds, no take a number, stand in line at the counter, no walla walla lime mocha. The Buffalo is Chicago's tribute to an easier era, when ice-cream sundaes were fashioned, not poured out of machines.

If you go, settle into one of the high-backed wood benches of the old parlor (there is also a newer vinyl and stainless steel section next door), plug a quarter into the wall jukebox for three tunes and be prepared to make the hard choice between caramel or butterscotch banana splits. The Buffalo has only three flavors of homemade ice cream (chocolate, vanilla and strawberry), but makes up for the loss with a plethora of condiments. There are, for example, seven varieties of banana splits, 42 types of sundaes and ice-cream sodas galore. (The varieties are infinite: they're pretty much made to order.)

Then there are the eight house specialties, soon to go up to $1.25, that lead off with the Hubba Hubba—five scoops of ice cream, fruit salad, whipped cream, bananas, nuts, Nabiscos and butterscotch topping—and wind through a Buffalo Special, Chop Suey, Three Queens, Lovers' Delight, Tutti-Frutti, Sweet Sixteen and Banana Special (a sort of banana split topped with a split.)

Since 1918, the Buffalo has been a neighborhood fixture in the heavily Polish Chicago Northwest Side, and a threatened attempt to turn it into a gas station by Shell Oil last year (February 1973) brought a citywide campaign to save the Buffalo. But there was no need for concern. Mayor Daley settled the ruckus by jawboning Shell Oil into extending the lease forever.

Bud's

San Francisco, California

The San Francisco area, like Boston, is a hotbed of frozen delights. Great places abound on both sides of the Bay, and Fenton's, an old-fashioned family place in Oakland, has to rank among the great milkshake makers on the planet. But, all things considered, Bud's is the best ice-cream parlor in the area.

From a distance, Bud's might be a seedy city luncheonette, complete with Coca-Cola sign. Move closer and it's a community billboard for San Francisco's quietly political Noe Valley neighborhood. On summer evenings the line often extends almost around the block; inside perhaps two or three customers at a time order their orgy of hot fudge sundaes with pumpkin or boysenberry cheesecake ice cream.

The decor is simple: pink and green candy-striped wallpaper and paper cones suspended from the ceiling. Outside are announcements about Chinese workers, psychic phenomena and KPFA's lesbian Sundays. A crayoned poster from somewhere's Room 117 thanks Bud's for

the tour.

"Bud's doesn't cater to children," boasts an ice-cream maker in back, a pile of bananas at his feet. "There's no bubble gum flavor here." Among "about 40 realistic flavors" are likely to appear bittersweet chocolate ("made from real cocoa"), fresh banana nut or carob 'n' honey (for livers of an alternative lifestyle).

Ask anyone on line at Bud's—and they come from all over the city—if Bud's is the best ice cream in S.F. and they'll know you're a foreigner. "It's the best ice cream, period. It's an absolute value, see?"

Steve's Ice Cream

Somerville, Massachusetts

Boston is an ice-cream freak's paradise. On every other corner you'll find a branch of Brigham's or Bailey's, two local chains with eminently respectable ice cream and distinctive atmosphere.

But for the rich, creamy, homemade and chemical-free ice cream they crave, Bostonians in the know these days flock to the nearby town of Somerville, enter a nondescript storefront marked "United Cleansers" and settle into the long line at Steve's Ice Cream.

The ice cream is made on the premises, 60 to 80 gallons a day, and it is all from fresh, pure ingredients. The whipped cream is what it purports to be. And the hot fudge is rich enough with butter and cream to satisfy the most fanatical cholesterol addict. Cherries, chocolate bits, crushed Heath bars, butterscotch chips, mashed bananas, M&Ms, raisins, pineapple, granola, strawberries, blueberries and peppermints are all available in quantity to add zest to the toppings.

The ambiance is pleasant, too—bright colors, hanging plants and a player piano that's a better bargain than a jukebox at a dime a tune.

Steve's is open from 2 p.m. to midnight daily. Best bet to avoid the lines is weekday afternoons.

The Chagrin Falls Popcorn and Antique Shop

Chagrin Falls, Ohio

The Chagrin Falls Popcorn and Antique Shop (next to the falls of the Chagrin River in a scenic valley 14 miles southeast of Cleveland) is known as the best damn place in northeastern Ohio to pick up an ice-cream cone.

The ice cream/popcorn area of the 144-year-old clapboard building is slightly bigger than 20 feet square; another room, about half the size, displays oaken buckets, converted oil lamps, old sterling hollowware, dolls of yesteryear and other antiques for sale. Plastic appears only in the light switches.

On some weekends, the shop sells 2,500 ice-cream cones, at 30 and 40 cents, as well as caramel corn, real all-beef hotdogs on egg rolls and popcorn. Seating is on any park bench in the river-bisected town or the wooden stairs alongside the 30-foot falls.

The emphasis here is on quality and low prices. "If I can't have the best of everything, I won't sell it," proclaims 58-year-old Dorothy C. (Dot) McClennan, who says she is in business for fun. "Believe me, this is not a moneymaking operation. And I've always felt that a wholesome ice-cream cone or popcorn ball is better for a kid than all that other crap on the market."

Graeter's

Cincinnati, Ohio

Cincinnati, Ohio, of all places, may well have the best selection of quality ice-cream parlors in the nation. In addition to a host of fine small shops—topped by a 66-year-old enterprise called Aglamesis, which features a 26-foot marble soda fountain, Tiffany lamps, white and black tiles on the antique floors and memorable sundaes with names like Josephine, French Quarter Bonanza and Orleans Royale—Cincinnati has Graeter's, which might well be the best local chain anywhere.

Some New Yorkers fly into Cincinnati once a month, buy 20 or 30 quarts of Graeter's ice cream and fly immediately back. Customers have flown Graeter's product as far away as Paris and London for parties.

Louis Graeter, who founded the business in the 1870s, was killed in 1916 when he absentmindedly walked in front of a trolley car, but his brother (now retired) and widow (now dead) carried on. Now the business is run by Louis' son, Wilmer Graeter, who is 74 and still supervises preparing the mixes every day. There are 10 locations now, all in the Cincinnati area, and they serve around 10,000 customers a day.

Two things, company treasurer Jon Graeter says, make his ice cream the best he knows of in the world. First: "We use only fresh fruits, natural flavors. We don't use artificial flavors." Second: "As far as we know—and I can almost swear this is the case—we're probably the only company in the country, maybe the world, to make it by the French pot method. Pure homemade ice cream, the way all ice cream used to be made." Generally, he explains, this method uses a bowl revolving in a brine solution. The mix is poured into the bowl in small batches, and a wooden paddle works the mix up and down the walls of the French pot until it becomes frozen ice cream.

The customers at Graeter's don't understand any of that, but they will defend the ice cream with their lives. Says one, a young woman, "They have the best chocolate chip ice cream in the world. It's not chocolate chip—it's chocolate chunk." Adds a middle-aged man, "They have vanilla like you've never tasted—with the grounds of vanilla beans, little black dots, still in it."

With endorsements like that, Graeter's doesn't have to worry about the fact that the people who scoop out the ice cream are little old ladies who invariably serve the marvelous stuff with implacable scowls.

Gifford's

Washington, D.C.

On any given Saturday night, the atmosphere at Gifford's is a cross between awards night at the Secaucus Bowling League and Ellis Island in 1907. Yet the four Gifford's establishments in the Washington, D.C., metropolitan area are patronized by the city's great, near-great and those who think they're great. The reason: it is easy to overlook atmosphere when the ice cream is the best around.

The flavor selection is varied without relying on the campy, gimmicky flavors pushed by others. And combined with this is a solid and imaginative list of sodas, sundaes and other features which turn simple ice cream into a near devotional exercise.

Clearly, the lack of gimmick is one of Gifford's main appeals. The ice cream, which is made for all four stores in the Silver Spring, Md., branch, is smooth, rich and consistent. For example, the chocolate marshmallow has numerous genuine marshmallows throughout instead of some sticky white glop. The chocolate chip has large, discernible chunks which make it interesting to chew as well as to taste. The vanilla base is reliable and flavorful without being overwhelming. Rather, like a truffle sauce, it enhances whatever it is being served with.

But the pièce de résistance is the Alpine Split. This generous attraction could only have been conceived and designed by someone with a full and abiding love for mankind. It is two scoops of any flavor ice cream, a half banana, whipped cream, chopped nuts, a maraschino cherry and an exquisite Swiss sauce. Attempting to describe it further is akin to writing commentary for the back of a Mozart album. In both cases, the experience is hardly reducible into words. ●

COURTESY OF AGLAMESIS BROS.

Holly Woodlawn has survived

The Warhol superstar who came to prominence in *Trash* is busy putting her act and life together after years of living in the gutter

By Robert Cooke Goolrick

In the dark room, a neon sign comes on above a stage. The Paradise Room. Slowly a pink spotlight comes up, illuminating a tall figure who stands quietly, facing away. The pink light plays over the dark, marcelled hair, and over the shoulders. The back is long and graceful, and two velvet ribbons tie across it, hanging down to the waist. Velvet ribbons, tying together a dress of thin black jersey, decked with mounds of tulle at the shoulders and studded with rhinestones. A piano plays. She sings a song by Lou Reed, "Such . . . a perfect day. . . ." Sings and turns.

In silence she stares at her audience with her big high eyes, her head tilted back, the eyes still staring big and honest beyond the lights, scarlet lips wet and slightly parted, her head held perfectly as if for a million cameras, one bright and perfect red rose held against the blackness of her dress. Her name is Holly Woodlawn. And just for that moment, for that silent moment in the pink lights of Reno Sweeney's, expensive downtown New York nightclub decked with fresh apple blossoms and named after a character in Cole Porter's *Anything Goes*, Holly Woodlawn is ravishingly, perfectly and quite naturally beautiful.

The applause begins, the piano plays and she sings on, ". . . drink Sangria in the park,/ and later, when it gets dark,/We'll go home." She sings the promise of a quiet weekend love, and the promise remains long after the song ends and others replace it. She sings well, but she is not so much a singer as a performer of songs, and like many of the current crop of singers, the Divine Miss M, for instance, she is better at imitation than at anything else. She sings a careful melange of '30's and '40's tunes and soft rock songs, songs from other places, other times. "Put the Blame on Mame." "Black Market." "Shining Moment." She shows a style of glamour, of the tacky glitter of nightclub life, which no longer really exists. She vamps, tells jokes. She talks on the telephone. She pulls her props out of a shopping bag. "Every turkey in America died this afternoon," she says, pulling out and throwing away an almost infinitely long black feather boa.

In the end she leaves, and returns to the stage in a man's tuxedo, her tiny breasts peeking through the lapels, her long legs in black stockings with a run up the back. She drops the mike, and says quite simply to her audience, "This moment, This minute/ and each second in it/Will blaze across the sky/ And as time goes by/Our love will never, never die . . ." and then sings, "This will be my shining hour/Calm and happy and bright." Her brown hair is piled up under a silk top hat, and she sings another song. As she leaves the stage she sings quietly the final lines of Lou Reed's song. "I'm gonna reap just what I've sown. I'm gonna reap . . . just what I've sown." And she is gone into the darkness. The applause is tremendous, the cries of " diva . . . diva " echo around the room. The applause continues. She has pulled off her magic act one more time.

Holly Woodlawn is a goddess. She combines those qualities of innocence and savagery which have always commingled in the American Star. She has created herself out of seemingly thin air, taken the raw cloth of a plain face and an awkward life, and painstakingly created a field of gold. Like any child raised on American movies, her fantasies are those of the star—clothes, houses, money, travel. And her weaknesses—drinking, indulgence, a certain thinness of thought—are those of an American child who has forever looked through the window of Hollywood's sweetshop and never tasted its delights.

She is like other stars. Like Mae West, she is all about sex without ever being sexual, or even very sexy. Like Fanny Brice, she is self-deprecating to the point of charm. Like Streisand, or Harlow, she can make us believe passionately in her beauty, even if our eyes tell us she is not a beautiful woman. Like all of them, she is whatever her fantasy of herself dictates. Beyond speech, beyond thought, she is most perfectly what she looks like. But there is one difference.

Holly Woodlawn is a man. Lift up the long red dress with the delicate sequined sleeves, and you'll find the secrets underneath. When she was in school, says Holly, "All the girls wanted to be doctors or sports stars, and all the boys wanted to be beauticians or male models. I wanted to

Robert Goolrick lives in New York City, where he is at work on a novel.

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be a woman."

A drag queen. Well, the world fits her better now than it did five years ago. Sexual ambiguity visits New York now like the plague. It's not such a pretty world, this year. It is promiscuous, obsessed with sex in its many forms. And it's gay, a lot of it. "It is," as Holly's old friend Mariasha said, "as Nellie as Nellie can be." Fewer marry. There is great and public affection shown by everybody, but fewer give of themselves that permanent and faithful lack of fear we always called love. And for a whole crowd of people just beginning to confront the deep and ancient fears of who and what they are, Holly Woodlawn stands like a bright light at the end of a long tunnel. Her fans, by and large, are not rich. Sometimes they save their welfare checks to watch her sing for an hour. Because she is real to them.

She's a drag queen, sure. But up close, she lives and moves in such a way as to render sexual distinctions meaningless. She is loved far beyond her powers as a performer to capture that love because she stands at the exact point at which man intersects with woman. She is, in the most essential way, a woman. She teaches a woman how to hold a cigarette or receive a kiss. A man judges his distance from her and finds, for whatever it's worth, the sense of his own manhood. In a confusing milieu, she has made her own ambiguity into a real symbol of sexual possibility.

"She's also a hoot," as Mario Rivoli said to me. He's known her for years, and he knows. She's loud, and she's funny, and she's a camp queen when she wants to be. The idea of being a sociopolitical symbol does not interest her. She works hard to be a decent person and to live the same sort of life as anybody else, under what are obviously trying circumstances. "Oh, God," she says, "it is so *hard* being a diva."

Trying to know or understand her is difficult. We sit in Reno Sweeney's on a Sunday afternoon. Her week of performing was a success. Warhol came. Lou Reed, the brilliant bad boy of rock music, came. Joey Gallo, the highest paid hustler in the world some say, he came. And a lot of people from the suburbs, who recovered from the initial shock to find they were enjoying themselves immensely, had smoked and cuddled in the corners. We sit having a drink and she impresses me the way a star is supposed to. There is in her a presence, an unavoidable sense, perhaps artificial, perhaps carefully cultivated, that she is more interesting than she herself knows.

Her voice is soft and vague, the voice of a 14-year-old boy, not quite formed, not quite ready to go out into the world yet. When Holly was younger she went through a series of hormone treatments, preparing herself for a transsexual operation which never happened. Perhaps that accounts for this strange quality in her voice, intriguing and yet totally unmemorable when she is gone.

"There's no way to know me through talking," she tells me, sipping her drink, which is an incredible mixture of three kinds of rum with a dash of Grenadine. "Oh, I could do it. Give one of those 'Rita Hayworth Greets the Press' interviews. But it wouldn't be true. I don't talk much. I don't have much to say about myself. You'll just have to hang out, go where I go, watch me with people. That's what I'm about, if I'm about anything." She tries to bring out the details of her history, and she can't quite fit it all together. Most of her remarks about her own life, why she did what she did, how she became what she is, make little sense. Most people remember things; they remember the color of the day, or the color of their houses, or the names of the dogs on the street. Holly neither remembers nor cares to remember, as if the past were buried so deep inside her it vanished as she went through it. She tries hard, and pieces together her life. Some of what she says is no doubt true. Some is not. I asked Mario, and he laughed. "It doesn't matter very much, does it? It's all true."

Well, maybe it is. She was born 27 years ago in Puerto Rico, half Puerto Rican, half Jewish. Her real name is Harold Eisenberg. Her father died, and her mother left for New York, because she was too poor to support a child. Holly was left behind, living in a shack with her grandmother.

When Holly was six, her mother sent for her, and she came with her grandmother to New York to meet her Polish stepfather, who quickly moved to Florida to become a waiter at the Fontainebleau Hotel. They settled on the outskirts of Miami Beach, and there Holly grew up, a misfit in the mild and stifling suburbs. She says she was born gay, had always known even from her earliest years that she wanted things most people didn't want, and felt things they knew nothing of. She does not remember very much of her Miami life, except that it was unbearable.

When she was 15, her stepfather threw her out of the house. It was summer, and Holly had just finished the tenth grade, a gawky, difficult and somewhat bizarre 15-year-old boy. She had 11 dollars in her pocket, so she and a friend got on a Greyhound bus and went as far as 11 dollars would take them, which was Brunswick, Georgia. "In Brunswick, sitting on the porch of a cheap motel, right next to the Coke machine, I got hit by

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC KROLL

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK KOLLEGGY

lightning. I woke up in the grass 20 feet from the porch. The owner of the place was so scared she let us sleep there that night for free. I shaved my legs for the first time in that motel." They hitchhiked to New York, and Holly went to 42nd Street. She strolled the summer night past the bright lights of the porno movie houses. "I went to sit in Bryant Park, right behind the Public Library. I was amazed by how small it was. I had expected trees, a lake maybe, something bigger. I thought it was Central Park, see. That's how dumb I was." She waited on the curb until a car stopped, and she got in with whoever was driving by who might want a 15-year-old boy, and drove off, into the heat. And that was her life, for years after. She wanted to be a model, a star, even then. But her daily life was just hustling, and sleeping in strange apartments, or in parked cars, or on the street. She was hungry and tired. She didn't know who Holly Woodlawn was. She had found neither the name, nor the being, nor the strength.

When she was 20, after five years on the street, she met a man and fell in love. He was a pressman for the New York *Times*, and he loved her, and took her to an apartment in Brooklyn where they set up housekeeping. "I called myself Holly and dressed up like a woman, so all the neighbors on Myrtle Avenue thought I was his wife. I even had a charge card at Macy's in my married name. I modeled on the runway for Saks. It was bliss." She would run up to the Village while the pressman was working the night shift, and get into whatever trouble she could find. The pressman loved her so much that he wanted to marry her for real, wanted her to become a woman so that he could marry her. She had hormone treatments. He saved $3,500 and put her on the bus for Baltimore, where the operation was to be done. When she got there, she ran into some people, and got drunk, and soon a month had passed, with all the money gone and the operation unperformed. She went home, still a man, and her pressman threw her into the street.

Her heart was broken. The diva, even the diva, feels. Her life got worse. She added Woodlawn to her name, told people she was heiress to the Woodlawn Cemetery fortune. She got drunk a lot in the next few years, flying around the Village in chaos and scandal. She met another of New York's camp goddesses, Jackie Curtis, and they were in a play together called *Heaven Grand and Amber Orbit*. Andy Warhol came to see it one night. He was at the height of his power, rich, fabulously famous and indulgent. He asked Holly to be in a little movie he was making.

Trash became the most successful underground film ever made, the first Warhol movie to show in straight movie houses outside New York. Holly, as the girlfriend of a doomed drug addict, was brilliant. She captured with the rawness of an untrained actor the elusive desperation of the dying hippie scene, the awfulness of the lives of American women caught in situations they can neither control nor understand. Her touching and funny performance made her a star, of a sort. She says she was almost nominated for an Academy Award for Best Supporting Actress, and she may be right.

She had at least moved into a sort of higher circle of life. She met everybody, was taken everywhere in limousines paid for by mysterious hands. She had in some way transcended the sad details of her life and become an artwork in her own right. "Salvador Dali took me to Trader Vic's at the Plaza. Can you imagine that? Halfway through dinner he told his wife I was a boy and Gala said 'No' in this shocked voice, and I said 'Yes' and she said 'No' and I said 'Yes' and that's how we spent the evening. . . . It was fabulous." She took drugs and wore sequined gowns at four o'clock in the afternoon.

She also lived on welfare. *Trash* grossed about $2 million and Holly made only $150. So she lived in poverty, sup-

ported by the kindness of other people—strangers, friends, the gay community whose sense of itself as both decent and proud was growing.

That was five years ago. She has made five movies and almost no money since. She has never, until this past year, had her own apartment. She has never, until this past month, had her own telephone. Her poverty is glossed over by gowns from indulgent designers, fur coats from adoring furriers and fancy dinners for which she never sees the check. Her last movie, *Broken Goddess,* makes use of this image: Holly, in rags, wades silently in Bethesda fountain as her own perfect image of herself, radiant, blond, resplendent, appears and fades before her eyes. There is in her such yearning for gorgeousness. Once at a party she turned and shouted, "I am an international film star. Can anybody lend a goddess 35 cents to get home on the subway?" The joke hurt, hurt more and more as the years went by, and so she went back to work.

Not many people remember her, amidst the wreck of a whole decade's culture. Not many people know who she is. And that frightens her.

She is often afraid. Of being alone. "And yet," she says, "when I wake up and there's some blond boy there, I want to be alone. I don't want to fall in love again, and stop working, and go back on welfare. I can't do that again." She is afraid of losing the game she started a dozen years ago. So she works hard at her nightclub act, at hiring managers who promise big movie deals and plan her future, at putting her life together after years spent living in the gutter.

She's been working a lot lately. At New York nightclubs in front of audiences. And on the street, where she learns from everything she sees. She said to hang out, and so we went around to bars where we ate caviar burgers and talked with people about the best way to spit and roast a pig. We walked the Village streets and were constantly stopped by people who knew her, or wanted to know her. Come to my party. Meet my friend, he's new. Sing this song, Irving Berlin wrote it. You're divine. Be this. Be that. She answers, "Hi, baby" or "Kiss me, baby, kiss me on the mouth." Baby is what Holly calls people whose names she can't remember.

We went to a cocktail party on a Sunday afternoon with a stolen bottle of Taittinger champagne, and she kissed nearly everybody as we came in. The apartment was high and white. The artwork was fine.

She took me by the hand and led me up the stairs to the loft which looked out over the rest of the apartment. We sat at the edge, swinging our legs over the side, throwing coins and kisses to the guests far beneath. Streisand sang on the record player, clear and beautiful. "I wonder if she's as awful as they say," I said to Holly.

"Oh, sure, honey. She's awful. But she's got a right. She can sing better than anybody." She paused, listening, and sat hugging her knees. "I'm not a singer. When I get up on that stage, it's OK. I'm good at it. I'm getting better all the time. But it's not singing."

She's right. She's not a singer. She is just a person of remarkable qualities, and her work lies in that, in finding and exhibiting her own characteristics. On stage she has moments of greatness, but her eager and uneven voice does not carry her. But somehow, sitting in a loft in the late Sunday light, she can make you feel as though the last moment of sanity you will ever know has already passed. And on stage, she can do that to a whole audience. It is both her honesty and her vulnerability which make her moving. She can make people laugh and cry. She can, in some mysterious way, connect people to the secrets of her heart, dark as it is. There is a kind of purity in her, like a whore who has been ravaged so frequently and so violently she at last attains a kind of virginal innocence, and that painful human quality Holly Woodlawn now puts on stage, twice a night.

She has created herself out of thin air, taken the raw cloth of a plain face and created a field of gold

She wants to tour. She's been to colleges around the country. Now she's after the big money. She wants to go to Vegas, go to the Catskills, go to the Fontainebleau Hotel in Miami Beach. Maybe she will succeed. She has undeniable talents. But, while we live in an age which serves yesterday's horrors on today's breakfast plate, she is nevertheless to most of America a drag queen, her own parents' worst fantasy. The tiny world of the Village has protected her forever, and she is beginning to be frightened of facing the crowds out there. She shaves. She has a man's hands, short and heavy. People will notice.

If she succeeds, it will be because she is tough as nails. She has always been poor. She has lived on welfare much of her life. She has drunk herself into a lot of stupors on a lot of doorsteps. But she has survived where many would have died. And that's something.

She has forgotten a great deal. It will take time to remember. It will take time for the child in her to grow up. But with so much fantasy, such a wealth of dreaming at her disposal, something, now or later, must come true.

At the top of certain tall buildings in New York City, there are structures of glass and chrome, inside of which grow rare trees and flowers, and beautiful men and women come and go, drinking vodka and snorting coke. Holly will go to these places, dance across the marble in her Gucci shoes, with her walk like a teenaged boy in sneakers, kissing Rudi Nureyev, and Andy, and Dali and Gala.

There are salons in which men create dresses from fabrics as subtle and expensive as gold on an uncertain market. Holly will stand in these rooms, be endlessly fitted in the fabrics, and her best friend Frank will take her photograph in the gowns.

Perhaps she will grow old, same as anybody.

Perhaps she will die.

More probably she will go home to her own two rooms on Sixth Avenue, and hang up the fur coat from Georges Kaplan, and dust the furniture, and wait for the newly installed phone to ring. Knowing she is nothing when she is at home, guessing intuitively that she does not exist when she is unobserved.

Or she will climb into bright yellow taxis at dawn with men she has never seen before, and will not see again. She will not look for love. Not anymore. "Goddesses," said Mario, "do not cruise. They can't. They can only wait to be chosen. Sometimes they wait a long time." So Holly Woodlawn will wait, like a child waits for Christmas, for a taxi, for stardom, for a real man to take her home. "He's a real man," she said once. "He knows my faults. He knows I shave and everything."

Ah, Holly. In a time which has lost the daring it gambled for, in a year when everybody asks too many questions and goes home early, long before the party has gotten maudlin, Holly Woodlawn dances until dawn, always sighing with regret when the last bar closes.

There are better singers, yes. There are more beautiful women. There are probably happier men. But in all her trash and glamour, walking the tightrope of ambiguities which is her everyday life, Holly Woodlawn is something quite remarkable. She is somebody. ●

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MOVIES

A lighter shade of hell

By Frank Rich

Even before the place had a name, even before the last pioneers went out there and claimed that final slice of the continent for themselves and their children, there was never any question that California was meant to be our own special version of hell. Almost from the beginning of our life as a people in the New World, writers were looking westward and perceiving the terror inherent in the dark and uncharted wilderness. They thought they saw a place where the aspirations and destiny of a race would finally come to a dead end—a land where the future would run out, where men and women would look into the abyss and go wild—and they were not mistaken.

Of course, once the settlers arrived, they dealt with California in a variety of ways. Some stripped the land of its gold. Some made movies and some made freeways. One man created Disneyland and another San Simeon. Some killed themselves or each other. The amazing thing is that here we are in the latter half of the 20th century, and the devil is still alive and well along the Pacific Coast—both imaginatively and geographically speaking. Writers still have their western nightmares, and the nightmares still have a way of becoming reality. Five summers ago, when a clan of freaks burst into a Beverly Hills home and massacred its inhabitants in order to precipitate a race war (or so the ringleader's baroque logic would have it), Americans were thrown into a frenzy that bordered on the erotic. It was as if a fiction along the lines of Poe's "The Masque of the Red Death" had been staged with real people and real blood for the public's amusement. Surely the reaction would have been somewhat more muted had the crime transpired in less glittery circumstances in Philadelphia or New York, but Charlie Manson, would-be songwriter and showbiz star, knew the main chance when he saw it. By striking in Los Angeles, he could tap the golden vein of the morbid underside of a society's consciousness and electrify a nation that had been weened on Liberty Valence, Aimee Semple McPherson, the Great San Francisco Earthquake and other legendary manifestations of the day of the locust. His efforts might even have been rewarded with that recording contract he so lusted after.

In **Chinatown**, Roman Polanski, the film director who is the principal living victim of the Manson slaughter, returns (quite rightfully) to the figurative scene of that crime and attempts to use his craft to redescribe and redefine that peculiar twilight world where the extremities of human behavior and the potential for both natural and unnatural

Roman Polanski without his knife.

disaster know no bounds. His picture is quite deeply felt and contains a number of bright and promising ideas but, for all its elaborate machinations and extravagant production values, fails to contribute anything new in the way of perspective or understanding to a cultural mythos that has already served as the basis for a countless number of books and movies. While other viewers may well be able to accept *Chinatown* as nothing more or less than a reasonably slick entertainment (i.e., as a nasty breed of *Sting*), I feel the film raises (and then proceeds to beg) far too many larger questions to be ignored. In this way, *Chinatown* strikes me as being a disappointment of major, even sorrowing, proportions, and, while I would like nothing better than to explain the failure away by noting that Polanski's only error is to come too late to a tradition already mined exhaustively by others, I don't think any such rationalization will suffice. One need only look at the work of a contemporary writer like Joan Didion or the movies of Robert Altman to realize that apocalypse, California-style, can still yield fresh insights and valuable art, provided that it is explored by people whose talent is up to the task.

Polanski and his screenwriter, Robert Towne (last represented by *The Last Detail*), do go out of their way to make a tough situation even more demanding than it has to be. While they could have turned to any of a variety of established forms (the western, the Hollywood gothic, the anomic, play-it-as-it-lays soap opera) to get at their concerns, they chose to wade right into the most fashionable genre of them all: the hard-biting, private-eye melodrama that came to prominence in the '30's detective novels of Raymond Chandler and Dashiell Hammett. It's an area where so many angels have already tread that a special measure of inspiration is called for on the part of those who wish to venture into the territory. *Chinatown* by definition is fated to evoke the memory of many notable and cherished pictures—from such '40's classics as Howard Hawks' *The Big Sleep* and John Huston's *The Maltese Falcon* all the way up to Altman's *The Long Goodbye*, which came out just last year. To take only the most recent and germane of these antecedents, I would say that *The Long Goodbye* is, by all standards worth talking about, a better movie than *Chinatown*; Altman, though working from a Chandler novel, played off the conventions of a form rather than emulate them (he even switched the setting to the '70s to neutralize the nostalgia issue) and came up with a timeless tone poem that, while faithful to the spirit of his original source, managed to wipe out other artists' incarnations of similar material. And yet one need not resort entirely to comparisons to realize why Polanski's film doesn't deliver all that it should. It's a movie that often lets you down on those exact and highly ambitious terms that its creators themselves establish during the course of their efforts.

The most exotic of those terms is that of Chinatown itself, which is not the

place where the movie is set (except for its final scene), although it is the L.A. neighborhood where hero J.J. Gittes (Jack Nicholson) once broke his investigative teeth during a grim tour of duty in the employ of the city D.A. Gittes and his companions—the private and public cops who knew him when—never tire of recalling Chinatown in their conversations and offhand remarks, and they finally succeed in turning the word into shorthand for a very particular state of mind. Chinatown is the kind of place where (as one character puts it) "you may think you know what you're dealing with, but, believe me, you don't." Or, as Gittes explains one night to a wealthy widow (Faye Dunaway) with whom he conducts both professional and sexual transactions: "Talking about the past bothers everyone who works in Chinatown . . . [because] you can't always tell what's going on."

The reason why "you can't always tell what's going on" is, q.e.d., that all Chinese look alike, and what Polanski and Towne intend is to take this racist cliche and turn it inside out: to apply it to the largely aristocratic hoodlums of officialdom and industry who are the principal participants in the case Gittes spends the movie trying to unravel. All things considered, this is a worthy concept—one that introduces into Polanski's vision the element of racial paranoia that has always had a hallowed place in frontier literature (in the 19th century, the danger lurking out West was often an emblematic expression of fear of the black and/or Indian). By identifying the forces of evil as the robber barons who own L.A, and then branding these villains with a slur they themselves had devised for their own slave labor, the director and screenwriter have hit upon an ironic device that ideally would broaden their movie's metaphorical scope considerably.

It doesn't work out that way, however, for despite the lavish attention that Towne bestows upon the image in his script, the film, through its action, does not effectively communicate the idea of Chinatown in any organic sense. As Gittes travels through a sordid series of corrupt land deals, gratuitous murders and sleazy city-hall shenanigans, he should be simultaneously sucking us into a mysterious underworld that is all the more fascinating for being aboveground; instead, he takes us through the paces of a conventional suspense plot that can't really compete with the biggies in its league. The film practically cries out for a design on the order of the old Chinese box puzzle; too often it moves along a straight and not particularly taut line.

Private eye Nicholson, in his best performance in years, and Dunaway, as a misconceived apparition, in Polanski's *Chinatown*.

Which is to say that in this *Chinatown* you frequently *can* tell what is going on; I found myself a step ahead of the hero far more times than I expect to in fiction of this type. Whatever Gittes' inability at fitting the pieces together, I can't believe that audiences will have too much trouble knowing when a femme fatale is trying to pull a fast one, or spotting crooked law-enforcement officers, or recognizing that John Huston, who employs his most gusty Oscar-ceremony tones in his portrayal of an aging city patriarch, does not mean to do the private eye any favors when he summons him to a genteel lunch. Those surprises that Towne does provide are generally of an informational nature—factual points that clarify the minutiae but do not augment the depth of the plot. The pitch of the screenplay's events is so steady that we remain at roughly the same distance from them throughout, even as we long to plunge further and further into Chinatown, that fetid moral landscape which the movie seeks to reexplore.

Since I'm usually the last person in any room to have a leg up on any mystery—so strong is my propensity for suspending disbelief—I was especially taken aback by the elementary thinness at the heart of *Chinatown*'s drama. But I think the explanation for this crucial failure is far from obscure and can be credited to an enormous miscalculation that underlies all of Towne's handiwork in the picture. For, when you get right down to it, the suspense of *Chinatown* exists in nearly direct correlation to its gradual, almost painstaking, revelation that every character with whom Gittes comes into contact is corrupt—and that is a revelation which we actually bring with us into the theater as an *assumption*, both out of our knowledge of Chandler and Hammett and out of our awareness of some recent momentous events in the newspapers. Polanski and Towne should have used this populist observation as a stepping-off point for their film, a spark by which to ignite a juicy and meditative spectacle of iniquity; to use it as a source of intrigue seems, in 1974, a trifle foolish. Worse, they overdramatize their discovery of venality in high places as if no one had ever thought of it before, as if they were Lincoln Steffens at work on a muckraking story for *McClure's* magazine in 1911 or, more fittingly, as if they wished to revive the ga-ga attitude toward American politics that marked Antonioni's *Zabriskie Point*. This breathless naiveté accounts for *Chinatown*'s often slow exposition—in which we meet several more corrupt city workers and swindled farmers than is absolutely necessary—as well as for such phenomena as the prominently displayed photo of FDR in Gittes' office, his extraneous altercation with a banker in a barber shop ("I make an honest living!" our hero shouts with pulsating pointedness to end the scene), the patches of dialogue that refer to a "cover-up" and to the fact that no one but the detective cares to expose it, and some final speechifying by which the principal villain tells us point blank that his ambition is to own the city lock, stock and barrel. When a movie must hit us over the head with such explicit verbal encapsulations of its content—not to mention content which should be taken for granted in the first place—you can bet there's something wrong with that

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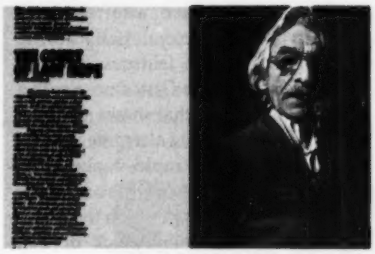

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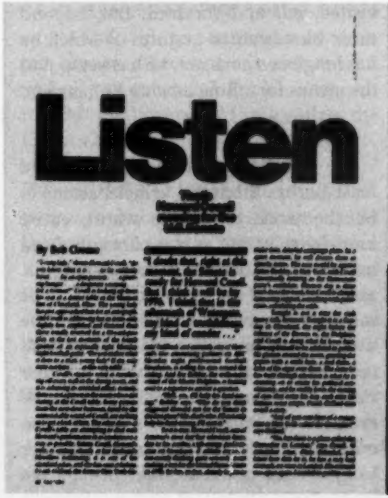

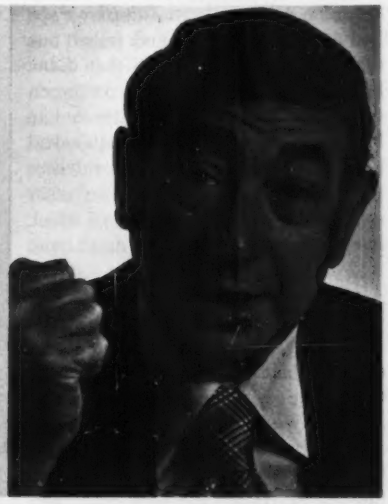

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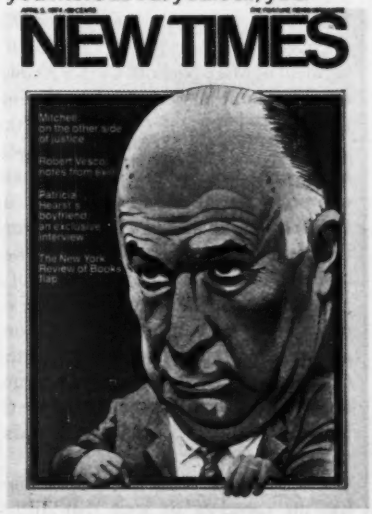

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movie. It's not for heavy-handed tactics such as these that the medium exists.

Given the obstacles, Polanski ultimately has little choice but to depend a great deal on the story's locales and his dexterous photography of them as a means for establishing an aesthetic pattern that does not arise naturally out of the screenplay's events and people. This is not to be confused with what Altman did in his film, which was to transform ordinary, non-period locations into ominous reflections of the jaded souls who inhabit them (in fact, what Polanski does is the exact reverse), but since the director has the help of cinematographer John A. Alonzo and production designer Richard Sylbert, the movie has its virtues as a sightseeing tour of physical seediness. Sylbert—a man whose career could rest alone, as far as I'm concerned, on the white-on-white Manhattan apartment he devised for Nicholson and Ann-Margret in the '50's segment of Mike Nichols' *Carnal Knowledge*—has done an exquisite job of painting the '30's L.A. of *Chinatown* in the appropriately sultry shade of sinful yellow; the pseudo-Spanish apartment compounds, the sleepy interiors of Dunaway's expansive white mansion, the nondescript bungalows of the lower castes all exude the jaundiced pallor of a not-so-fresh corpse. There's a sense of doom about each of the film's locations that the deceptively bright rays of the California sun cannot belie; we're aware at all times that the burning haze which makes L.A. such a diaphanous lure also makes it a deadly trap.

No other element of *Chinatown* has the certainty of tone that distinguishes its settings—a generalization that I'm afraid must even extend to the conception of J.J. Gittes himself. Although Nicholson gives a relaxed and engagingly sweet performance that I consider to be his best in recent years, the hero, through no fault of this actor, occasionally appears to be stranded somewhere between the hard-nosed cynicism of Bogart and the schleppy fatalism of Elliott Gould (in his stint as Philip Marlowe). Towne gives Gittes some of the wisecracking banter which is the generic stock in trade of the Hollywood private eye and, at the same time, fails to sustain this ingenuous repartee throughout the picture. Some lines, clearly meant to be funny, fall flat ("I forget—I don't call myself that often" is Gittes' reply to a menacing cop who asks for his phone number), and, as delicious as some of the jokes are, Towne does end up adding a disconcerting inconsistency to the man Nicholson works so hard to create.

The screenwriter has done better by the Dunaway character, an apparition of Dietrich-like opacity with penciled eyebrows, alabaster flesh and a haughty manner that defies humanity—only to have her mutilated by the female star's misconceived performance. Once she gets past her fine first scenes, Dunaway drops the cold and unapproachable demeanor that is so central to the role and affects an out-front neuroticism that could belong to just about any middle-aged widow in need of a shrink. (Her nervous eyes and twitchy chain-smoking gestures also break down the chilling sexuality implicit in the part, thereby robbing her big bedroom scene with Nicholson of its expected share of erotic tension.) Only at the end, when her protective cover has at last been ripped off by Gittes' detective work and she is thus entitled to disintegrate before our eyes, is Dunaway's vulnerability in sync with the script. But, since by then we've already been seeing the cracks in her plaster for an hour, the shock of her metamorphosis into hysteria does not carry the weight it otherwise might. (Nor is the mechanism for that metamorphosis—the disclosure of a hitherto secret family relationship—as shattering as it should be... perhaps because this development seems an arbitrary, tacked-on appropriation of the kind of genealogical denouement used to more reverberating effect by Ross Macdonald in his modern L.A. detective novels.)

Still, all these minor and major shortcomings of *Chinatown* taken into account, I continued to hold out hope for the movie's final blowout, in which all the central characters at long last converge in a literal Chinatown to wrap up the story. After all, even *Zabriskie Point* had the right kind of climax (albeit one that was attached to a film that didn't begin to support so fiery a conflagration), and I guess what I expected in Polanski's picture was some equivalent to the descents into Oriental infernos that marked the finales of two other relatively recent movies, both of which integrated visions of frontier apocalypse into the notion of Chinatown: namely, Altman's *McCabe and Mrs. Miller,* which ended with Julie Christie's self-destructive retreat from the white settlement she had helped build to the phantasmagoric opium den of a coolie shack; and John Ford's curious last film, *Seven Women,* in which that great director actually moved his characteristic western into Boxer-rebellion China and then closed the picture (and his career) on a note of suicide and dusty holocaust. Except for one specific effect that I'll explain shortly, Polanski has nothing so inventive up his sleeve: he chooses a standard climax that adds one more link to the chain of corruption we already know to prevail, then sets it all against a neighborhood sufficiently colorless to make one wonder whether the movie's last two words ("it's Chinatown") might not be intended as much as a reminder as a punch line. More than anything else, these last five or so minutes of the film resemble the cop-out ending of the director's last American picture, *Rosemary's Baby,* in which everyone but the audience gets to take a peek inside the devil-baby's crib.

That one element of *Chinatown*'s wrap-up scene which does transmit an explosive dose of viciousness is a fantastic dash of surreal gore that Polanski has concocted for the last moment, a tableau involving a character who suddenly proves to be short one eye. Along with an early sequence that features Polanski himself slashing open Gittes' nose with a knife and a late one that shows an angry Nicholson slapping the alternate sides of Dunaway's face in rapid replay, this crowning display of carnage is one of the movie's few instances in which the director actually cuts to the quick of that horror that generally lurks around *Chinatown* like so much smoke around an extinguished fire. The logical extension of this observation may be that this is that rare movie which actually suffers from having too little violence (of all things)—but probably not. What these isolated pockets of genuine ferocity really demonstrate is that Polanski is a talent who has not grown nearly as much as we might wish. He is a man who has visited hell and survived, but, beyond those bloodstained gestures of which he has long been a master, he has yet to find the means for telling us what he has seen.

For Pete's Sake, the latest and least Barbra Streisand vehicle, seems to be the work of people whose entire knowledge of life as it is currently lived on this planet derives from watching TV and catching the acts at Vegas. The movie is canned showbiz schlock all the way, and no one even took the trouble to open a fresh can: the kind of humor *For Pete's Sake* throws us back to is that of the somnambulant '50s, a time when millions of people truly cared whether Lucy would get that stain out of the living room rug before Desi came home from work.

The movie's premise operates at pretty much that level; it's all about the lengths to which a young wife (Streisand) will go to earn her *goyishe*, cabbie husband (Michael Sarrazin) the $3,000 stake he needs to make a killing in the commodities market. (The commodity in question is pork bellies, with all the lamentable running gags the words imply.) Among the zany escapades heroine Henry (that's cutesy-talk for Henrietta) must play out during the picture's attenuated 90 minutes, the most bizarre is her brief bout as a whore, although, this being a family comedy, you can rest assured that none of her johns demands any activity that might remotely be mistaken for sex. Such hilarity aside, *For Pete's Sake*'s main mission is to satisfy the demands of Hollywood cost-accounting, which require that the film appeal simultaneously to blacks, Jews, Middle Americans and little kids. Screenwriters Stanley Shapiro and Maurice Richlin cover every bet as tastelessly as possible, enlivening the action by their inclusion of such caricatures as a motherly Jewish madam (Molly Picon, yecch), a bitchy camp-shriek of a sister-in-law (Estelle Parsons *in extremis*), a Franklin Pangborn-style supermarket checkout man (Vincent Schiavelli) and a sassy black domestic who seems to be a reject from a Norman Lear sitcom (Vivian Bonnell). The lead characters, though blander than those on the periphery, have an equally tenuous relationship to any personalities we might identify from our own experience—as if comedy might be forged from plastic rather than even the slightest smidgen of truth. And who can care or be amused by an allegedly financially strapped couple that can afford a part-time maid, touch-tone phones and the kind of chic Brooklyn apartment that any New Yorker with an income of up to $25,000 would gladly move into tomorrow?

Peter Yates (*Bullitt, The Friends of Eddie Coyle*), a man of at best flimsy skills in any case, directed the picture in a style that is all too woefully appropriate to the material. As for Streisand, she seems to have no hesitation about proving to the world that, when left to her own devices, she is entirely capable of being one of the truly crashing bores of our time.

BOOKS

The furies go to college

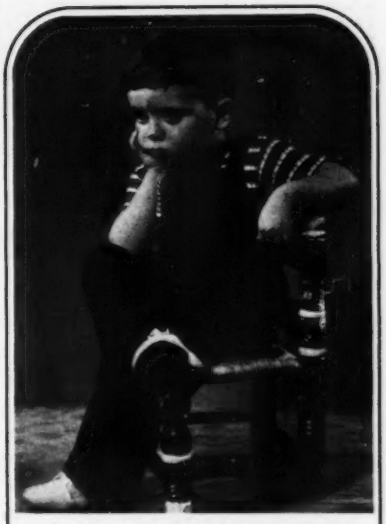
By Geoffrey Wolff

The War Between the Tates *by Alison Lurie.* Random House (372 pp., $6.95).

Remember 1968, when parties would end with grownups in tears or in the clamor of accusations and threats, and all was rancor? A friend, a lawyer, told his employers he'd quit unless the firm made a statement accusing the government of war crimes. *Statement? Where? How?* My friend said it was between their corporate conscience and themselves to find the means to say what must be said, and quit. He felt better then, knowing he'd done the right thing. Another friend brought a young girl to dinner. We were almost 30 then, a few of us even older, and she was sullen. She wore an ornate and menacing ring on her thumb, and someone asked her about it. *It's a poison ring: if they haven't stopped the bombing by Christmas* (or Easter or Passover or Tet) *I'm going to kill myself.* We all shrugged: *so what else is new?*

Indignation and self-righteousness were the poisons of the time, the crimes committed against kinsmen and the self to save face and take a safe stand on high ground. For every man and woman who marched on the Pentagon or crossed into Canada, a thousand and more bullied their husbands or wives or teachers or students or dinner partners in the name of *the right thing.* It has taken this long a time to get sufficient distance on those days—when everyone wanted to be a martyr but no one wished to suffer—to translate their excesses into social comedy. The late '60s have fueled black comedies unending, but the era's extreme situations and theatrical characters have resisted the fine tuning required for the kind of fiction Alison Lurie is after in her *War Between the Tates*

The place is Corinth University (let's pretend that Corinth is Cornell, where Ms. Lurie teaches) and the time is 1968 and 1969. The war is out there somewhere behind the action always, providing a base note of strife and hys-



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teria, and the war between the sexes is heating up: war protesters and feminists are given a march apiece. The characters are Brian Tate, a politics professor, his wife Erica and his student Wendy. The war between the Tates is fought over the distinction between their sexual parts, and the politics of righteousness, and like the war in Southeast Asia it is a quagmire of conflicting testimony in which crimes and punishments cannot be distinguished.

Brian has committed adultery with, has been almost unwillingly seduced by, Wendy. Erica has been wronged, and she learns to love the sensation of being wronged because it seems to justify her more generalized misery, and to conform to her lifelong hunch that man is an enemy to be conquered by subversion, or at least to be pacified. Her hatred of men becomes relentless, taking possession of her virtues and decencies until even a local tomcat falls before the artillery of her memory. "George . . . habitually killed songbirds, and twice in rapid succession knocked up the Tates' Flopsy before they had her fixed. Flopsy died of old age and overeating two years ago; and George is dead long since, his back broken by a truck . . . but Erica has not forgiven him."

The novel is told in the third person, now from Erica's vantage, now from Brian's. Brian is small in stature, a little man from a great family, self-satisfied yet indignant that life has not dealt him a better hand, something of a prig, a believer in reason and diplomacy, a persuader, a latent woman-hater. He's willing to concede that it was naughty to have betrayed his wife, but . . . but . . . but: "And even if he is guilty, he is guilty of adultery, a form of love. Erica is guilty of unforgiveness, a form of hate. Besides, his crime is over; hers continues."

His crime is not over—he continues, through one rationalization or another, to lay Wendy. And Erica's vengeance continues indeed, to the point of taking Wendy's part against Brian when the girl gets pregnant, and trying to talk her out of an abortion that Brian devoutly wishes his mistress to have. Nor is Wendy blameless in these doings: an extreme figure from that composite called The Kids Today, she uses her weakness as a strategy against both Brian and Erica, divides them carelessly and finally betrays her lover. Numbered also among the guilty, warring parties are the Tates' adolescent children, a boy and girl so indolent, abusive and unbecoming as to justify any crime of violence man or mother might imagine, together with a full cast of friends and faculty, most of them either witless or malign.

Ms. Lurie: recalling the indignant '60s.

But time, and the times, are the Tates' true enemies. She is almost 40; he is 46. She "doesn't want to live in the modern world with a modern man." He lets his sideburns grow and whores after the young. Nothing pans out for anybody in this book. Carelessness and resentment are everywhere, yet Erica is pushed to a saving recognition: "Ill fortune is bad for people's character." Carve it in stone. The Tates call a ceasefire a few months after Nixon enters office, a year or so before the full shooting war between the armies of Millett and Mailer begins.

This is Alison Lurie's fifth novel, and the pre-publication endorsements it has received—from Truman Capote, Gore Vidal, James Merrill, Elizabeth Hardwick and Philip Roth—are extraordinary, for in this logrolling time these are writers who have kept their virtues. What is most impressive about their enthusiasms for this book is that they are all stylists, and Ms. Lurie is not. Her prose gets the job done nicely enough, but her sentences are not made to lodge in the memory.

Her minor characters are often theatrically flat (Wendy's locutions and the Tate children's bad manners edge past satire into caricature) and her dialectics seem sometimes machine-driven rather than naturally motivated. Of her past novels her first, *Love and Friendship* (1962), and her third, *Imaginary Friends* (1967), superficially resemble *The War Between the Tates.* The latter is about academic mumbo jumbo and the former tells of an academic wife out of love with her husband,who plans to leave him but finally does not.

Well, this book is special, and it's not easy to say exactly why or how. Except to remark that Ms. Lurie has successfully entered a man's imagination. And that she has created a post-Hegelian work of imagination that pits a thesis against its antithesis—good-and-evil against good-and-evil—as though she had not read Hegel. (At least where Erica and Brian are concerned, the synthesis, a peace that passeth understanding, like the end of *The Eumenides,* is something beyond the reach of justice, something inclining toward mercy, an act of courage for Ms. Lurie as well as for her characters. Her war game pitting Santa Claus against the Virgin Mary is another, lesser matter.)

Most of all her book succeeds because by minimum art it recreates bad days, a foul war, our country's menopause. Without recourse to fright wigs or sick jokes or goblins or teach-ins it makes the past seem even more hateful than the present—quite a stunt.

MUSIC

Throwing Stones

By Janet Maslin

The Rolling Stones are often referred to as the World's Greatest Rock and Roll Band, in much the same way Miller's is deemed the Champagne of Bottled Beers. Such claims are not so much accolades as they are trademarks, particularly in the Stones' case: everybody knows they're great, and the question of *how* great has been a moot point for years. But "World's Greatest Rock and Roll Band" is an unfortunate title to be saddled with, because it doesn't mean much—and because it really brings the punks out of the woodwork. It's so easy, and so cheap, to take potshots at the Stones.

Tony Scaduto, author of a worshipful Bob Dylan biography (not to

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mention two earlier works, *Handling Your Money* and *Getting the Most for Your Money*), has simultaneously demonstrated the built-in problems of any rock biography and the neuroses of any writer foolish enough to take on the Stones. Scaduto's latest is entitled *Mick Jagger: Everybody's Lucifer* (McKay); its jacket notes make the revolutionary point that Jagger, while contriving the appearance of an oversexed ruffian, is actually a pretty down-to-earth bourgeois fellow. Describing the book as "a searing and powerful study of a superstar's life-in-progress," the notes also point out that "Scaduto has wisely refrained from trying to analyze the mysterious core of Mick Jagger." The notes neglected to point out that Jagger, sensing a mercenary on his trail and a hatchet job in the works, wisely refrained from letting Scaduto anywhere near him.

So Scaduto's book, which includes theorizing, clearly reflects the author's chagrin with his subject's unavailability. From beginning to end of this "biography," Scaduto displays not the least bit of respect for Jagger, as an artist or as anything else. He sees Mick as a huckster and a poseur, but seldom as a musician; worse, he seems to have no real feeling for the Stones' music, which certainly makes him an odd choice for the role of Mick's Boswell. His dislike for Jagger runs so deep that he spends a great deal of time blaming almost every tragedy the Stones have been associated with—Altamont, or particularly the death of Brian Jones—on Jagger personally. Scaduto's contention is that Brian was so enormously talented that Mick just couldn't abide the competition, so Brian was eventually cold-shouldered out of the band and abused to the point of suicide. Even if Scaduto is right—and neither he nor anyone else has any way of knowing such things—he presents the few facts at his disposal with such overt malice that one can't even begin to take him seriously.

But even if Scaduto were a gifted writer (which he clearly is not), or a lucid historian (the book jumps around terribly, following no particular order), or an even adequate researcher (there is almost no hard-core information here), there would still be problems. Without access to Jagger, Scaduto has scraped together most of his data via other sources, sources whose own biases badly damage his objectivity. He seems, for instance, to have been smitten with Marianne Faithfull, so much so that he describes everything about her as glowingly as possible. Scaduto's version of Mick and Marianne's first meeting has them at a party, with Marianne such a knockout no one can keep their eyes away, such a knockout that Mick is ultimately moved to go pour his drink down her dress. From then on, according to Scaduto, Mick pursued her incessantly, even though she thought of him as "that dreadful spotted sex symbol" and something of an ill-mannered lout. Marianne's version, as told to *The New Musical Express* and *Creem,* is significantly different: "I wanted to be an actress . . . [so] my first move was to get a Rolling Stone as a boyfriend. I slept with three and then I decided the lead singer was the best bet."

As much as one might sympathize

Jagger: something like meeting God.

with Scaduto's problems in collecting information, it is impossible to sanction his trick of attributing italicized *thoughts,* rather than direct quotes, to most of the characters involved. (Bill Wyman, at his first rehearsal with the band: "*And I sure as hell don't like the name Rolling Stones, damned silly name,* Bill thought as they worked through a few numbers.") Worst of all, there are shades of outright plagiarism to Scaduto's evasive techniques. Was Tony really sitting by Baby Jane Holzer at the Stones' first American concert in 1964, close enough to hear her chattering about how fab they were? Or did he just read (and forget to acknowledge) Tom Wolfe's story about Baby Jane and the Stones, "The Girl of the Year"?

However dismal a job Scaduto has done, it must be pointed out that he never stood a chance of accomplishing anything in the first place. Jagger, like anyone fortunate enough to be both glamorous and among the living, maintains full control over the details of his private life, and that is surely as it should be. His friends, who presumably want to remain his friends, know better than to talk about him. Stones press representative Gary Stromberg, who didn't think Jagger had seen Scaduto's book yet (or would have much of an opinion about it when he did), says that Mick likes reading reviews but is usually a bit puzzled about the more gossipy stuff written about him. According to Stromberg, "He can't really understand why anybody would want to read about it."

Robert Greenfield, who traveled on the 1972 American tour and wrote *S.T.P.: A Journey Through America with the Rolling Stones* (Dutton), has drawn a nice, lightly amusing book out of his experience, and the secret of his success is that he never even pretends to get close. Being around the Stones is guaranteed to affect writers strangely—Greenfield at one point describes a fan's reaction to an encounter with the Stones as something like meeting God, and it's an attitude even he can't be completely immune to. Yet, aside from an occasional back pat over his own relative intimacy with the band, he mostly sticks to chronicling the more memorable aspects of their life on the road. One particularly droll episode has the Stones trying to make themselves at home at the Playboy mansion in Chicago; another has Keith Richard pounding on a hotel room door in the middle of the night, screaming for "Princess Radish." (Lee Radziwill and Truman Capote tagged along for part of the tour; Capote later went on the *Tonight Show* to pronounce the Stones "complete idiots" and accidentally refer to them as the Beatles.)

It's an odd but inevitable paradox that the most curiousity is piqued, and the most publicity generated, by the most problematically unavailable subjects. Among all the other championship titles the Rolling Stones currently hold down, let us not forget that they are the World's Most Difficult Band to Write About: with objectivity and intimacy both out of the question, there's precious little middle ground for any journalist to stake out. Of course, there *is* the music. As both these books manage to mention occasionally, the Stones do play hot stuff in what is apparently their spare time.

Body Heat *Quincy Jones* (A & M). Quincy's imagination has run rampant with the creation of his latest. He's found a brand new bag and it's filled to the brim with goodies. The title tune, "Body Heat," is an erotogenic, titillating melody that has propelled Quincy into the funk market. Its sharp harmony and A-1 orchestration is only outdone by a really raunchy composition, "The Saga of the Buffalo Soldier." It appears as though he's taken every instrument imaginable and blended it with an eloquent and explosive chorus—the result is supersonic high-voltage funk. "Do It," another bad jamming piece, sorta exemplifies what Quincy had in mind when he created this album. Aided by an array of talented artists too numerous to mention, he's done it—created the type of album you wish you had two of so you wouldn't have to flip it over. Watch out for Quincy! He's at his peak and he's getting just too funky.—**Cynthia Wilson**

Quincy Jones: moving into the funk market.

Diamond Dogs *David Bowie* (RCA). David Bowie has made some staggeringly influential contributions to pop culture, most notably in the areas of album jacket design, space-age costuming, omnisexuality and hair care. Musically, he is somewhat less important, now less than ever—except for some spark in the title cut (which is several minutes longer than it should be, and ends with gratuitous barking), his latest effort is strictly a one-note, full of futuristic doubletalk and all-purpose banality. No amount of gimmickry can hide the droning quality of his vocals, or the monotony of his material.—**Janet Maslin**

Land's End *Jimmy Webb* (Asylum). Jimmy Webb's songs are much better known than his own interpretations of them, which is a crying shame. Webb's versions are quirky, idiosyncratic and crystal-clear, aided on this fourth album by his own painstaking production (with Robin Cable), fine sidemen, inspired odd touches (like the complicated vocal coda to "Feet in the Sunshine," with Joni Mitchell's voice played off against his). "Just This One Time" has a full, elaborate Phil Spector sound; "Lady Fits Her Blue Jeans" is unbeatable top-40. Webb's lyrics are incurably romantic, which may limit his appeal slightly, but he's graceful and earnest, and he never takes on a sappy sound. If I were Andy Williams, I would go right out and record the Easy Listening version of every future standard here—quick, before Streisand gets hold of them. —**J.M.**

Diahann Carroll (Motown). For her debut album on Motown, Diahann has gone Country/Western? ? ? The sophisticated lady presents to us an album that is both monotonous and boring. Variety is the spice of life. There is little variety here. One tune that stood slightly apart from the others was "I Can't Give Back the Love." She does an obvious Diana Ross imitation, where she talks through the tune, instead of sings. Maybe that's why it comes across a little stronger than the others. "After Being Your Lover," the dullest of all, is surprisingly receiving a small amount of air play—probably as the bummer of the week. Fortunately, Diahann is a far better actress than singer. If she had to sing for her supper . . . she'd starve.—**C.W.**

Euphrates River *The Main Ingredient* (RCA). New York is known for its style and class; Luther, Tony and Cuba are products of New York. They have put a prime package together. High-grade material consists of Stevie Wonder's "Don't You Worry 'bout a Thing," Seals/Crofts' "Summer Breeze" and Ashford/Simpson's "Have You Ever Tried It." Sound vocalizing by Cuba Gooding, with Luther Simmons and Tony Sylvester doing background harmonizing, has turned the group's first single release from the album, "Just Don't Want to Be Lonely," into sho' gold. The second single, "Happiness Is Just Around the Bend," a more upbeat disc, could be an indication that their next gold record is also just around the bend.—**C.W.**

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Midnight for the Cinderella couple

FINAL TRIBUTE

By Mark Goodman

Richard, unless he wants to divorce me, will never be divorced by *me. There will be times in 10 or 15 years when probably Richard and I will go through a time when . . . I really don't think anything will happen . . . when whatever will be called for to keep our marriage together—I think I will have the guts to do. I have learned that pride is really very bad, the kind of pride that makes you say, I won't tolerate that. We both feel that a kind of miracle has happened. And I love him enough to stand by him no matter what he might do, and I would wait.*

Elizabeth Taylor, 1964

Antony and Cleopatra. Petruchio and Kate. George and Martha. Dick and Liz. Someone, either Pliny the Elder or Pinky Lee, once observed that love is grand, and nobody ever made me believe that more emphatically than the Burtons. Their love was as poetic as it was public, and became as much a staple of our daily lives as Blondie and Dagwood.

Ah, that's it. The Burton-Taylor marriage reached a plateau in American culture far beyond the poor powers of William Shakespeare or Edward Albee; it belonged in the province of Chic Young—Burton a boozy, bellowing Bumstead to Elizabeth's bitchy, jewel-bedizened Blondie. Never has a couple so fervently disavowed the tinsel and glamour of fame, and spent so much time wallowing gloriously in it. And we, with our pinched, pathetic lives, made sure they stayed there. We could not devour enough material about them. Get more out of life; open up the *Daily News*, or the *National Enquirer*, or any magazine with the words *True* or *Secret* in the title, or, for that matter, just about any publication this side of *Commonweal* and *Boy's Life*, and plunge your glum, grey souls into the gorgeous excesses of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Burton.

And now they are parted. Whatever will we do without them? Remember how it all started, during the fun-filled, sun-filled Rome adventure of that all-time great white elephant, *Cleopatra*? As memory serves, 20th Century Fox began filming this version of Bill Shakespeare's boffo smash about the time of the Second Punic War, and finished in 1962. Dick and Liz first met on location. Burton said to the World's Most Beautiful Woman: "Has anybody ever told you that you're a very pretty girl?" Know what Elizabeth said to herself? "I said to myself, *oy gevaldt*," our self-proclaimed Jewish Princess did, "here's the great lover, the great wit, the great intellectual of Wales, and he comes out with a line like that. I couldn't wait to go back to the dressing room where all the girls were and tell them." That comes under the heading of henfests I doubt ever got fested, but never mind: Liz decided later that Dick "really is a banshee, but completely captivating."

Liz and Dick: end of a dream, or a nightmare?

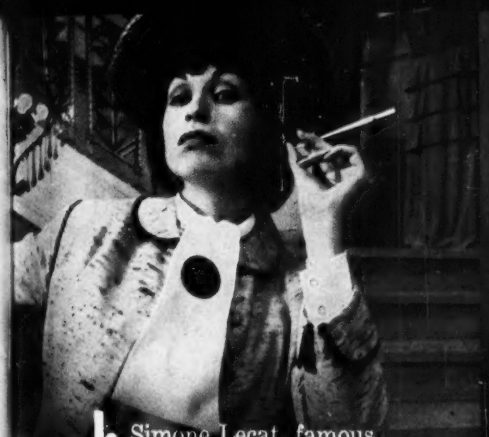
Now Richard and Liz are through, their cosmic passion spent. Children will weep, mothers will mourn (black armbands optional for the men). It was a morganatic marriage, showbiz style, the Welsh Lion and Maggie the Cat. The Burtons began traveling the world with a retinue of secretaries, chauffeurs, maids, aides-de-camp and hangers-on approximately the size of Montgomery's general staff. They drank their way through the world's most celebrated bars, fought their way through the world's most elegant hotels. There was the halcyon holiday in Puerto Vallarta, where Burton filmed *Night of the Iguana*. As you will recall, Elizabeth got on ever so splendidly with Sue Lyon, ignoring those shabby rumors that Sue baby was putting on her Clearasil for that Very Special Someone with a known eye for the nubile.

Yes, they went everywhere, unrestfully, where people played polo and were rich together. That costs money. Burton moved smartly from the scanty profits of *Hamlet* to play a randy minister opposite Elizabeth in *The Sandpiper*, which rightfully earned an *Esquire* Dubious Achievement Award as "the worst beach party movie of the year." To be fair, they made one great film together (*Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf*!). Your basic Burton-Taylor movie, however, given Burton's magnificent talent, puts one in mind of Dylan Thomas writing about the little men in yacht caps who live in your Tidy toilet bowl.

But there's gold in that thar bowl, folks, enough to buy the world's most fabulous gems for your lady love. Liz does like her trinkets; it got so that every time she lifted an arm it sounded like Jubal Early's cavalry drawing saber for charge. Trouble was, Richard didn't confine his largess to Elizabeth; an 18-year-old maid in Centerville, Calif., was rewarded with a stone during the filming of his most recent epic, and that caked it for Liz.

Now it's all over. Liz still has her pretties and Burton his talent (maybe); but what are we left with? Who will burnish our dull, dull lives? Who will act out our gaudy dreams for us? Who will wear the velvet cap and golden bells?

Oh, it's a sad moment for us, all right, so very, very sad. Only—well, call me a cockeyed optimist, but I'm counting on Elizabeth Taylor Hilton Todd Fisher Burton not to let us down. ●



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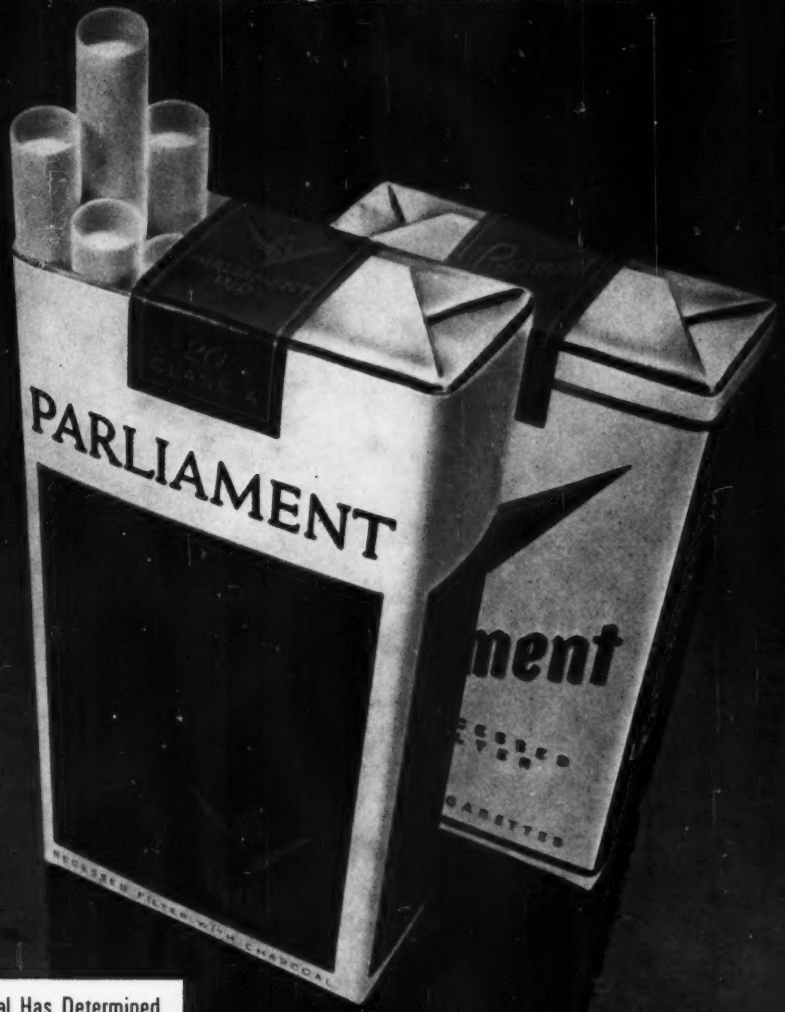

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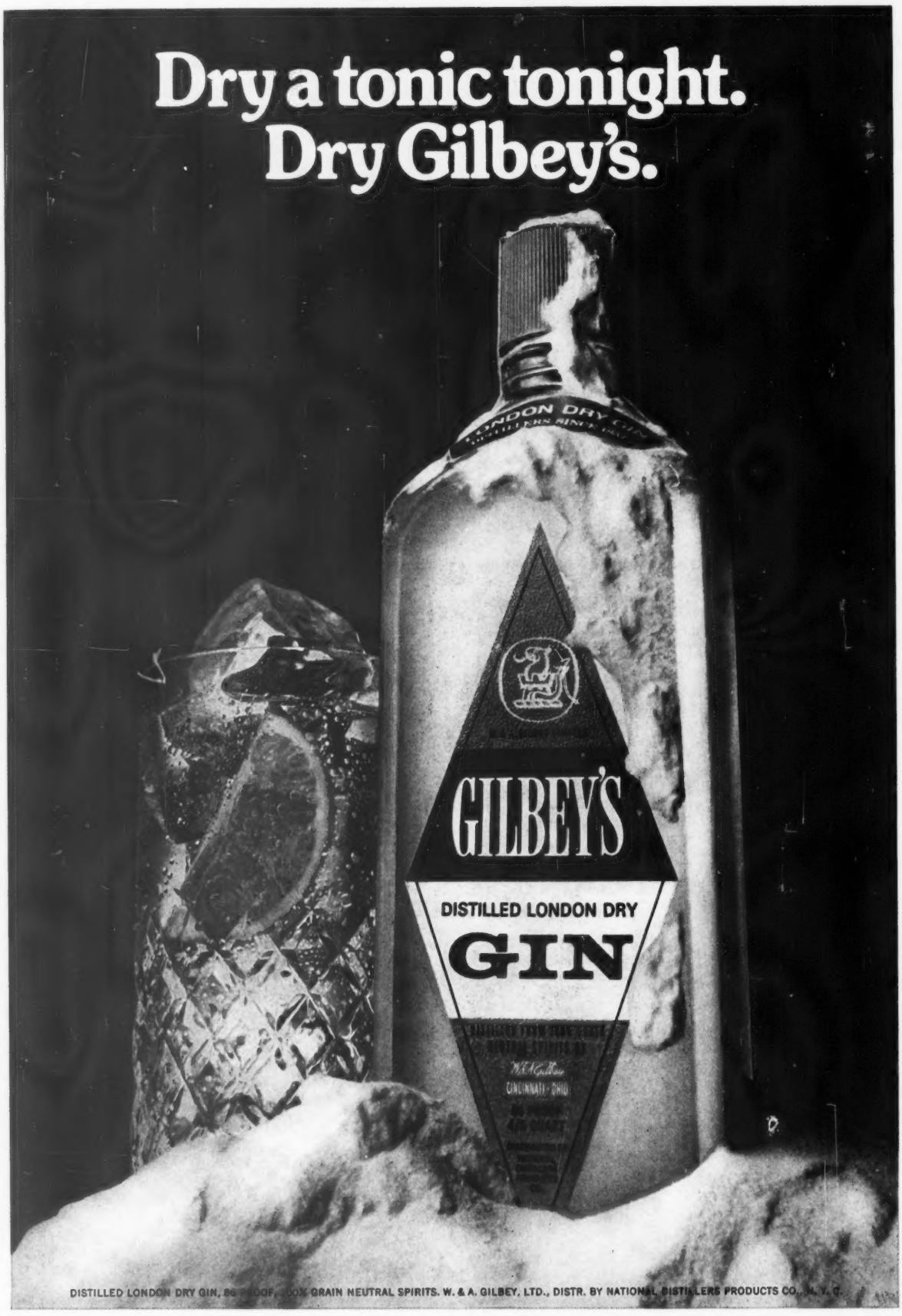
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